JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXX 1845

OUR BIG HOUR IS NEAR! by A.G.G.

WHAT HOLDS UP AERODROMES

COMFORT IS A CRIME by the EDITOR

New! A Delicious Concentrated Vitamin Food

To protect your child this Winter

'VIMALTOL' has important properties as a protective vitamin food for your children —for building up strength and weight and increasing resistance to coughs, colds and other winter ailments.

'Vimaltol' contains the vitamins A, B, C and D. Vitamin B is supplied from specially prepared malt extract. The Vitamins A and D are present in the form of Halibut Liver Oil fortified with additional vitamins.

The presence of vitamin C in combination with vitamins A, B and D is a special advantage.

For these reasons 'Vimaltol' is a desirable vitamin food for your children. It is a modern preparation based on present-day scientific knowledge and produced by exclusive scientific processes. You will appreciate not only its beneficial properties, but also its exceptional economy in use, due to its high concentration.

VIMALTOL

A DELICIOUS, CONCENTRATED ECONOMICAL VITAMIN FOOD

1-lb. Jar, 2/2d. 2-lb. Jar, 3/8d.

A quality product made by the makers of 'Ovaltine'

V.101

More good news on the Kitchen Front — extra fish is now coming into the country; regular supplies of a new type of fish — Fresh-Salted Cod. It's almost free from bones, it's easy to cook, and there's no waste. Above all — it's cheap: the maximum retail price is 9d. per lb.

Fresh-Salted Cod requires soaking in water for 48 hours before cooking. Your fishmonger will generally have prepared it, and when you buy it, it will be ready to cook. Like fresh fish, prepared Fresh-Salted Cod should be cooked the day it is bought. You can make all sorts of tasty meals with it.

HERE ARE TWO SUGGESTIONS:—

FISH PIE

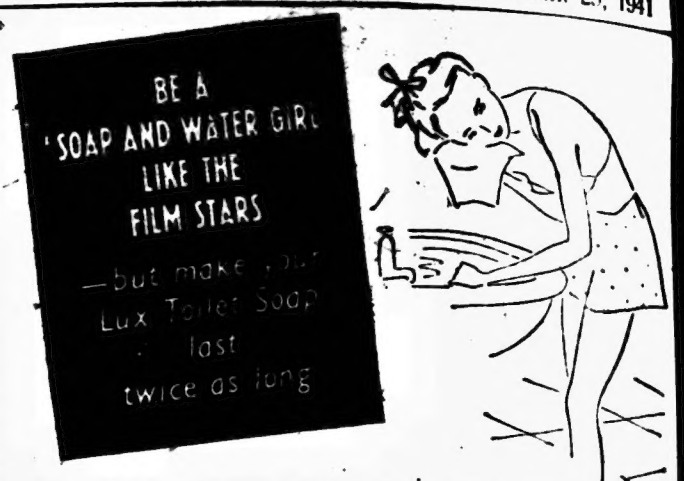
1 lb. fresh-salted cod, cut into small pieces. 1 lb. mashed cooked parsnips or swedes. 1 lb. sliced cooked potatoes. 1 small cooking apple, if possible. 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley. Sauce made from 1 pint of vegetable water and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Arrange the fish, swede, potato, apple and sauce in alternate layers in a pie dish, sprinkling the parsley between the layers. Cover the top of the pie with crumbs browned in a little fat (bacon fat for preference) in the frying pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Enough for 4.

CURRIED COD

For the sauce. 1 tablespoonful of dripping. 1 tablespoonful gravy powder. 1 dessertspoonful curry powder. 1 tablespoonful of chutney, or stewed apple. 1 tomato or 2 or 3 spring onions, if possible. About 1 pint vegetable boilings or water, 1 dessertspoonful sugar. Other ingredients: 1 lb. fresh-salted cod, either boiled or baked. 1 lb. sliced cooked carrots. Melt the dripping, fry the tomato or onions cut small, stir in the gravy powder and curry powder. When it is well bound, gradually add boiling liquid to form a thick sauce. Stir in the chutney or apple and sugar. Add the fish and the carrots cut in small pieces and simmer for 5 to 10 minutes. Serve with plenty of plain boiled potatoes. Enough for 4.

FOOD FACTS No. 64

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1



HERE'S good news, girls. Even if you are sometimes disappointed because your favourite shop is temporarily out of Lux Toilet Soap — there's no need to worry.

For, with a little care, Lux Toilet Soap — the beauty soap that keeps your complexion so lovely — can be made to go twice as far!

You see, Lux Toilet Soap has an *active* lather. This means that it lasts longer than the lather made by ordinary soaps. It doesn't dry up and disappear.

And this lather is so much more abundant that with one simple twist of the tablet you have enough lather in hard water to soap your hands and arms — in soft water, your face and neck as well.

And here are two points well worth remembering. Soap lasts longer if you keep it in a dry place before you use it. Once it's in use, keep the tablet as dry as you can. Never let it float about in the bath or basin, or in a watery dish. Use a wire basket or make yourself a handy string soap carrier like the one shown here.

Follow these easy hints and you will be well rewarded. For Lux Toilet Soap will keep your complexion clear and lovely as a film star's for many a day to come.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

TL 1251-9 ▲ LEVER PRODUCT

H. SAMUEL

Diamond Rings

are marvels of beauty and value!

The diamonds are lustrous, perfectly matched gems, with superb platinum settings and 18-ct. solid gold mounts. Although a reduced selection is inevitable as many H. Samuel experts are engaged on work of national importance, yet, in war as in peace, his quality and value remain unrivalled.

H. SAMUEL

LUCKY WEDDING RINGS

bring lifelong happiness! All are hand-made in solid gold and priced by weight.

H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

99 FINE JEWEL SHOPS

Headquarters: MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

Use less COAL this winter!

Fuel is the key to the weapons we need—to the overwhelming striking force, upon which Victory depends. It is vital. It is urgent. Don't leave it to others—*all* must play their part.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

- Have a fire in one room only — breakfast in the kitchen
- Put firebricks at sides and back of grate
- Use coal dust for banking
- Take off surplus coal before going to bed
- Sift and use all cinders

Call at your Coal Office or Gas or Electricity Showroom for advice and leaflets on how to economise.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL • COKE • GAS • ELECTRICITY • FUEL OIL • PARAFFIN

ISSUED BY THE MINES DEPARTMENT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 25, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

PUBLIC ENEMIES

● **War racketeers, even the "big men," are getting off with light prison sentences.**

A few weeks, at most a few months.

And for every one prosecuted, a dozen slip through the police net.

The public is becoming angry at this soft handling of its blatant enemies, who in other countries would be put against the wall and shot.

But magistrates and the police are not to blame.

Scotland Yard is hamstrung.

In such matters it is shorn of its zeal and its authority by various Government departments, from whom it must seek permission to prosecute.

Delay and quibbling ensue.

Too often, the cases are dealt with summarily, and magistrates are unable to impose the long periods of imprisonment that the higher courts would undoubtedly order.

So JOHN BULL demands: Cut out the Red Tape!

Straight from the Shoulder

THE NEXT MOVE

STILL the enemies of mankind sweep on.

The Russians retreat—but they are not defeated.

Moscow is partly evacuated. But it still stands, a man-made rock that will not lightly crumble.

The decisive stroke of the war is not yet in sight.

They Fight on

Russia has been torn in twain. Great numbers of her people have been slain or tortured or merely ruined. Her rich lands have been scorched, her factories gutted.

But Russia still endures.

German tanks have ploughed across six hundred miles of Russian defences since crossing the frontier. But they have not battered the Soviet armies into a broken rabble.

Japan's Threat

The Japanese raise a treacherous dagger to stab the Russians in the back. They will not find a feeble and exhausted victim.

Awaiting the blow are two million Russian soldiers, heavily armed, eager to fight. They will strike back if the warlords of Tokio lunge forwards with that dagger.

Coming Lull

The Nazis need Japanese treachery. The Russian campaign has brought them not only spectacular gains but ghastly losses.

Millions of men, tens of thousands of tanks, thousands of aircraft have been squandered by them in the marshes and on the plains.

Soon, very soon, there must be a lull to enable them to reform their ranks and regroup their forces.

Powerful Still

Those forces are still immensely strong. Let us be under no illusion about that.

But it is doubtful if they are now strong enough to be launched simultaneously against the Middle East, against Gibraltar and against this island—as the Prime Minister suggested a few weeks ago.

Coming Storm

Though we may not have to face these three thrusts together, we shall be confronted by at least one of them.

When the Russian front is icebound, when the German tank-fodder has been rested, a new front will open on which *we* must fight for life.

Nazi Plans

The enemy is ready to march through Spain to the Mediterranean.

He may gain the Caucasus, thence to battle his way to Iran and Egypt. He may strike directly at Turkey.

Again, he is plainly seeking to promote Vichy to the place of Rome in the Axis. So, by pressure on the senile traitor Petain and the arch-conspirator Darlan, he may hope to gain French West Africa and the French fleet.

U-Boat Peril

Only those in the enemy's confidence know which of these paths will be chosen. All must be watched; all must be manned.

There is another danger that is almost a certainty: a Second Battle of the Atlantic.

Six Hundred

It is estimated that 600 U-boats are ready. So 200 of them will be at sea at one time.

We are better placed to meet this peril than we were this Spring. We may expect to defeat it no less triumphantly.

Yet it will not be an easy task. It will find us still short of destroyers, despite American aid, still short of merchantmen.

U.S. at War!

And still we dare not rely too greatly on American help.

American merchant ships are to be armed. In the last war, that step was followed a month later by American entry into the war.

History may repeat itself, but not so rapidly.

Before the Flood

United States' industry is still in the "tooling-up" stage. Which means that its production of arms is as yet but a trickle.

It will not become a flood till next year.

Gigantic Needs

Meanwhile, we need vast supplies of arms for the winter campaigns.

We need them, also, to help our Soviet allies, who have lost half their war industries.

We need tanks and ships. We need still more bombers to batter the enemy's factories that—unless we are quick—will soon make good his terrific losses in aircraft and tanks.

Word of Warning

That is why Ministers demand higher production from our own factories. Many, many times that demand has been made in these columns.

But we do not think it should be addressed to the workers alone.

There is evidence that the workers are beginning to resent the constant appeals to them to work harder.

Home Truth

Many of them are already working as hard as the human frame can stand. And many others are prevented from working hard by muddle and bungling.

Ministers should therefore address the demand to their own staffs.

Better staff work in Whitehall would result in better production in the factories.

Nothing Doing!

JOHN BULL has given hundreds of examples of bad staff work. If those are not enough to bestir the doodling, dickering gentlemen of Whitehall, here are some more:

Key-men at a vast arms factory were told that work was short. They were transferred to a steam turbine factory. They have been there a month—waiting for work to come in.

Starved of Work

A small iron foundry could make castings for tanks. But it can't get orders, so it may have to close down and its new moulding machines left to grow rusty.

Girls making anti-tank shells can produce thirty an hour. They are not allowed to produce more than thirteen an hour.

So they take an hour off in the morning, finish work at 4.30, and play cards till it's time to go home at 8 p.m.

Fiddling and Fumbling

Men making Bofors guns have been sacked to make way for female labour.

Not transferred to other war work—just sacked and put on the "dole."

Thus we waste our skilled labour. Thus we fiddle while the world is in flames and our existence is in jeopardy.

Is Money so Cheap?

We waste, also, our capital, without which we cannot make the weapons we so urgently need.

It is impossible to justify the new railways agreement. It is impossible to explain why railway shareholders should be given £39,000,000 to £55,000,000, while the Government haggles over increases to Servicemen's families or a few shillings pension to a disabled victim of the war.

Vested Interests

We are not getting the best from our railways.

They should be used as part of a whole nationalised transport system.

But the Government has bowed to vested interests. It has shown itself frightened of the moneybags. It turns its back on the opportunity of strengthening Britain's industrial base.

Nationalise!

Yet the transport system is essential to all our arms industries. We cannot get better arms production without better transport, just as we cannot get it without better planning by State departments.

Throw off the shackles; turn out the guns!

Nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of equipping our Fighting Forces with the utmost speed and perfection.

Unready for War

Proof how our Army was long starved of guns and tanks is given by Lord Gort in the despatches from France that at last have been published.

They paint a sorry picture of the ineptitude of the last Government. At best, they are further evidence that Britain was not prepared for a war she didn't want.

Looking Ahead

Now we must prepare for the second great phase of the war. A phase in which we shall take the initiative and hammer our way to success.

Long ago, the Prime Minister warned us that we must look forward to taking the offensive in 1942 or 1943.

His colleagues who predicted speedy victory have been confounded, but his foresight has been proved.

Let them see to it that we shall have all the arms needed by ourselves and Russia next Spring!

(Continued overleaf)

WHITEHALL'S FORGOTTEN MEN

● **Doubled meat rations, trebled sugar rations, are to be given to workers in heavy industries—through the industrial canteens.**

This, of course, is excellent—providing the canteens have been built.

And there is one heavy industry where canteens are not possible. That is agriculture.

Hundreds of thousands of farm hands are "heavy workers."

They cannot do their vital job satisfactorily on the present rations. They lack the strength.

Farmers and county agricultural committees know that these men must have much more cheese and meat if they are to carry on at war tempo.

But Whitehall has apparently forgotten them in its new scheme for bigger rations.

Hence this reminder.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SHORT of labour, are we?

A Wembley electrician registered in April and agreed to take up urgent work on shipbuilding.

He's heard nothing about it since.

Stay-Idle Order

A former ship's boilermaker, now keeping a small shop, also registered for urgent war work.

He, too, vainly waited for months.

Recently he was offered a job at making armoured cars. Ministry of Labour officials won't let him take it because he was registered for shipyard work.

Luxury Trade

While watchroom men at one fire station are being replaced by hurriedly trained girls, across the road is a one-man car hire service run by a young fellow who takes spendthrifts to race meetings and old ladies shopping.

He hasn't done a day's national service since war started.

Height of Folly

And what about the women who could do clerical work?

One tells us that she has applied to ten Government offices. In each she was interviewed in a room full of people, asked such questions as:

What is your height without boots? How much do you weigh? What was your mother's maiden name?

And ten times she has been told, "We'll put you on the waiting list."

Testy Test

Sent to an Army Pay Office, she had to wait nearly five hours. Then an officer gave her a test that included writing an essay on her experiences during an air raid or while on a war time holiday.

To make sure she could introduce fiction into Army pay accounts?

Red Tape Tangle

Scotswoman, now an American citizen, got a job in Glasgow by permission of police and employment exchange.

Then the Ministry of Labour telephoned the employer, telling him not to employ her.

Police assured her that a mistake had been made, explained matters to the employer—but she lost the job.

Worse was to follow.

And Again!

A bailie found her a job in a food control office. Ministry of Labour took more than two hours to study her application form, then decided she couldn't take the job "until we let you know."

She's given up hope, now, of ever getting work.

Square Peg

Man who had spent all his life in the textile trade closed down his business and joined the Ministry of Supply.

He was made a clerk to two men said to be doing the work of six. He found that the work had nothing to do with textiles and could easily have been done by just one business man.

As You'd Expect

Next door he found a skeleton staff wrestling with a subject about which they confessed ignorance.

What, he asked, was this tricky subject?

Yes, you've guessed it—textiles.

No Thanks

A reader wrote to the Ministry about waste in the Merchant Navy. The Ministry started a salvage scheme, asked him to comment on it after it had been in operation a few months.

Recently, home on leave, he offered to point out a few weaknesses.

Now the Ministry doesn't want to know them, says the scheme has proved "not unsatisfactory."

It's a Failure

Worse than unsatisfactory is the clothes rationing scheme. It has proved a failure.

Instead of persuading people to spend less, it has encouraged them to spend more.

Shops obligingly reserve clothes for you until you can save up enough coupons; there are now mannequin parades of unrationed goods to tempt you to spend.

Scrap It

There are all kinds of flaws in the scheme now visible after a fair trial, plenty of opportunities for racketeers, and so much red tape that even officials are becoming enmeshed in it.

Scrap it and start again!

Bluff

Unscrupulous hire-purchase firms are staging a big bluff. Customers who have paid most of their accounts but have fallen a few shillings into arrears, are told that the goods will be removed from their homes.

What the firms don't say is that they must get a court order before they can reclaim the goods.

Paid to Laze

New war ramp is reported by a Coventry reader.

A man took nearly a whole day to shutter half a window that had been broken by blast. She adds that workmen have been round the place for six months since the bomb fell and killed her husband, but so far they have done very little.

We have received similar complaints.

Say It with Stamps

Letters from Malta to Britain bear a neatly printed stamp depicting naval and R.A.F. ensigns with this inscription:

"Malta is grateful to the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force for the swift arrival of this letter."

Eloquent and original!

Stupid

Don't think Gunner Samuel George Moore was saucy because he referred to "Service stupidity" when charged at Bristol. He was justified.

He told a court he had been given two days' leave to attend hospital. Taken ill, he notified his commanding officer, records officer and regimental paymaster.

But when discharged from hospital he was arrested as an absentee.

Marking Time

As our readers know, that is not an isolated case of Service bungling. Yet the Army has had a long spell of quiet in which to remove inept officers.

We suggest to the War Office that such removals should be made before the Army is needed for active service.

Day of Rest

We understand that the Welsh pastors who object to Home Guard drills on the only available day—Sunday—have warned Hitler that they will also object if he invades Britain on the Sabbath.

S.O.S.

We have no explanation to offer why retired policemen, recalled for duty, have to wear left-off uniforms from other officers, have no warrant-cards or handcuffs, and receive less money than special constables.

Perhaps the authorities can explain?

Left in the Cold

Another oddity: Air cadets are supplied with free uniforms by the R.A.F., but sea cadets are credited by the Admiralty with only 7s. each a year, though their uniform costs 50s.

They have to buy boots, wireless gear and other equipment as cheaply as they can get it; cannot even get a set of naval bunting to practise signalling.

He Still Eats

At big east coast port a JOHN BULL representative found himself in the lounge of a leading hotel at midnight.

Entered three nice, polite boys, off food ship that had just arrived. Sailors' homes full. Could they sleep in lounge chairs? They'd go early and be ever so little trouble.

"Certainly not," said the manager, who can only hold his job while that hotel gets food. "What do you think we are—a —— doss-house?"

Once a Week

Talking about food, officialdom can learn something from the last war. Then there were special travellers' books; now, people who travel have to call weekly at a local Food Office, which is often miles out of their way.

It just makes work for needless officials.

Penny a Meal

Incredible but true! Big bowl of soup, with vegetables and a little meat, together with a roll of bread, for 1d., or tea and a plate of fish for 4½d.

Where? In a bombed area of the City of London. Some cities we know should be doing likewise.

Topsy-Turvy Land

Chester-le-Street is discharging men from the casualty service because they are over fifty-five, yet a Norfolk town has given promotion to a fireman aged seventy-eight.

It seems to us that an elderly man is more capable of handling a stretcher than a hose.

Year's Delay

Which reminds us that a year ago we suggested the filling of Essex dykes for fire-fighting purposes.

Officialdom has been wrangling about it ever since; now a family of four has lost home and belongings owing to fire and lack of water.

What a typical picture of rural Britain!

Behind the News

- **Conquest of Mussolini's East African empire has resulted in material worth more than £200,000,000 falling into British hands. Much of this can be adapted for Allied use.**
- *All Quisling police chiefs in the conquered territories will have to undergo training courses in Nazi police methods.*
- The Pope is considering leaving the Vatican to spend the winter in his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo. This would remove Italy's last hope of escaping heavy British bombing of Rome.
- **All German beer halls are to close on Sunday as well as on one weekday. Beer supplies are short, but thirsty Huns have been told that the drinking places will be reopened for the whole of the week as soon as a suitable ersatz beer with sufficient vitamin content has been produced.**
- *Only new "secret weapon" produced by Nazis in a year is the assault gun, a rapidly moving field-gun manned by six gunners, but Russian experts think it is not worth copying.*
- **So nervous have Nazis become of mass reaction when R.A.F. are about that the population of every town 100 miles each side of R.A.F. routes are kept under warning until the last machine has left Germany.**
- **Alien forced labour, including Italians, are taunting Germans with cowardice and sheltering behind foreign workers in target areas.**
- *Italian troops sent to Belgium to relieve Germans transferred to Russia were themselves sent home within a month. They said the Belgians were "ungovernable."*
- Nazis are commandeering all tractors in occupied countries and sending them to Russia to cultivate the "scorched earth," hoping to get food reserves before Allies strike in the west.
- **One reason for Nazi failure to take Leningrad: sabotage in Latvia and Estonia played havoc with supply lines.**
- *First Quislings likely to pay the price of treachery are the assassin Pavelitch and his fellows in Croatia and Yugoslavia. The Nazi-Fascists have threatened them with "liquidation" if they do not soon restore order in those countries.*
- Matsuoka is trying to stage a comeback. He has offered the Black Dragon Army party control over Japanese finance and trade if they support him by seizing power, but the Navy counsels caution.

COMFORT IS A CRIME

ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour, has warned us all that this cannot be "a comfortable war."

Can't it, though? Millions of people are still making it one—*for themselves.* That was what Bevin complained of, and he was dead right.

There is far too much "business as usual" and "pleasure as usual" in every department of public and private life.

As a nation we are *not* stripped for action. Many of us show a marked reluctance to take our coats off let alone to roll up our sleeves.

The man-power problem goes far beyond the requirements of the factories and the Forces. It cannot be solved until the whole population mobilises itself for war purposes.

That comfortable, old-fashioned, out-worn slogan "Business as usual" is just so much moonshine.

There can be *no* "business as usual" until we have put the Nazis out of business for ever.

What do we mean by this? Simply that the first call upon industry of every description must be the national call, and the first duty of every citizen must be to his country.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the Editor

The "comfortable war" contingent can't or won't realise this. They are ready enough to applaud the Russians for their matchless valour and self-sacrifice, and they are only too ready to sneer at our American friends for doing too little to help us.

They always urge the other fellow to "be a man" and "have a go." But, as for themselves, they are mighty backward about coming forward.

Employers of this comfort-loving type see no objection to the de-reservation and calling-up of workers in any industry but their own. And yet they bleat at the top of their voices directly their own workers are "threatened"!

They say: "We can't carry on." They object to trainees, and they argue that women can't effectively replace men. In short, they fool the Government, or fool themselves, or both, that they *must* have special consideration.

WHEN Bevin took over the Labour Ministry as far back as May of last year, JOHN BULL warned him that he would have to fight these comfortable "business-as-usual" bosses.

We said, having evidence for every assertion, that there was a deliberate racket in "switching young men out of the fighting services into reserved occupations."

Many times since then we have exposed this same racket. Nevertheless, and in spite of all the changes in reservation age limits, it still exists. There has been a succession of "comb-outs," but every comb has had loose teeth.

Let us stop fooling ourselves. Most of us must *know* that numbers of employees, likely to be de-reserved, have been "promoted" to safety.

Clerks have become "chief clerks"; canvassers have been turned into "inspectors." Factory hands have been turned into "foremen," and nondescripts into farm labourers, mechanics, builders, and so on.

Never have there been so many bunny-rabbits conjured out of one hat—the hat that covers the whole "business-as-usual" brigade.

We understand that early in the New Year women up to the age of forty and men up to fifty will have to register for industrial service. Furthermore, these age limits are likely to be extended by another ten years before the dawn of 1943.

So far, so good, but JOHN BULL maintains that the artful dodgers will continue to dodge the column until every fit man and woman—irrespective of age and occupation—has to supply personal proof that he or she is literally indispensable.

Comfort—in the sense of personal comfort at the nation's expense—has become a crime. A soldier can be "crimed" for deserting the post of duty, and any civilian *ought* to be "crimed" for wilfully evading his proper share of national service.

But, of course, this new war-time crime is not limited to business circles. Thousands of private citizens are committing it every day—most of them with complete immunity.

These slackers—these contemptible, self-righteous "lead-swingers"—are usually among the first to grumble at the Government for "doing nothing." Lots of them have retreated to "safety areas," and the others are sheltering behind their own age limits and social prestige.

They are urgent to secure their own comfort, and in time of total war their comfort is criminal. They don't mind their neighbours' maids being called up, but they "couldn't possibly" do without domestic assistance for themselves.

Hence we *still* see advertisements like the following—one literal and recent quotation among scores—"Wanted at once: kitchen maid; five maids kept, *one in family!*"

The italics are JOHN BULL'S—and the exclamation mark. Our point is that no man or woman in the country, old or young, infirm or fit, noble or commoner, can have any possible right to employ five able-bodied maids.

That is only one instance among the thousands which our readers can, and do, supply. Here is another, unimportant in itself, but vastly significant as a pointer to a disgraceful point of view:

MEN of the Royal Corps of Signals were recently erecting a temporary telephone line in a West Country village. Suddenly the owner of one of the largest houses in that neighbourhood marched out upon them irately with the request that they should make a little less noise because they were "*spoiling a rubber of bridge*" for himself and his friends!

Some of our readers may say that we are picking extreme cases. It isn't true, because we pick them at random from a nation-wide letter-bag, but we have no wish to build a general argument upon particular evidence.

We simply ask our readers to form their own estimates of the national war effort even during these weeks of supreme crisis on the Eastern Front.

We are content to rest upon their verdict, and we are certain that they will find thousands of their neighbours—if not thousands of themselves—guilty of "criminal comfort."

Consider this fact: All men between sixteen and sixty have now been registered for compulsory fire-watching. Why? Because masses of these available watchers were content to leave some other fellow—or some other woman, for that matter—to watch for them. Moreover, there has been a high rate of "hardship" exemption claims.

CONSIDER, too, the further fact that before long it may be necessary to conscript recruits to the Civil Defence Services to replace the fit men who are being called to the Colours. Why? Because the slackers in every walk of life have hitherto been glad to see the willing volunteers shoulder their burdens.

"We have before us," said Lord Beaverbrook in his recent broadcast, "the spectacle of splendid Russian sacrifice—homes blasted, hearthstones torn up, farms devastated. *Shall we fail in our self-denial?*"

Well, *shall* we? The Government has its responsibilities no less than the private citizen. But no private citizen has the right to blame the Government for his or her own failure to meet the call of national service.

Those who think this can be "a comfortable war" must think again. Those who deliberately put personal comfort before national duty are criminals in this time of total war and absolute emergency.

Close friend of Hitler, Todt is master of his slave armies

Todt's Locusts are Baffled

HITLER'S hyenas, the trained Nazi looters, organisers and exploiters, are now swarming over Russia like a cloud of evil locusts.

A force of 750,000 men has been gathered to follow in the wake of the Nazi armies. Their chief is one of Hitler's closest friends, Dr. Todt, who is now also Nazi Minister of Munitions and Supply.

Though Todt has unlimited powers to subordinate every aspect of German life to the needs of his Ministry, it is to the conquered countries that he looks for "supplies."

Brownshirt Ruffians

For this purpose Hitler has given him virtual command over the S.A., the old Nazi Brownshirt ruffians, who terrorised the German people into acceptance of the Nazi régime.

"Organise these men." This is what he said to Todt: "Augment them to a huge body and they will be useful to us and to themselves."

Todt swelled the ranks of these old rough S.A. men with criminals released from prison, with inmates of concentration camps who were once members of the Nazi Party. He called them "Organisation Todt"—the biggest Labour Force in Europe.

For months these men were made to work on the Siegfried Line. When they complained they were told that their reward would soon come.

When war broke out they were rallied behind the German Army in Poland.

They followed the troops.

Orgy of Looting

They looted municipal food stores and private larders.

They broke into the banks, into private safes, into flats and villas.

From wounded and dead enemies they grabbed gold watches and warm underclothes.

They stripped factories and despatched the machines to Germany.

Todt revelled in this orgy of organised looting. It kept his men satisfied and it brought profit to the Nazi régime.

But now, in Russia, these common thieves find themselves deprived of most of the loot which they expected.

All they find are burnt-out villages, empty larders, blasted buildings. Where they faced frightened and intimidated inhabitants, they must now fight determined guerillas.

In some conquered countries they stood guard over the inhabitants, made them work and slave and took the products of this work without acknowledgment.

Now for the first time they must work for themselves.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—"Woman," said a celibate saint, "is a fickle fascination," and at the moment I dare say you agree with him.

You're fascinated by the problem of moving women from peace time industries to war factories.

But the ladies are fickle. They leave the peace time industries but won't enter the war factories; they just stop home to cook and darn.

That's more than a pity. It's a very great hindrance to our war effort. And a remedy must be found.

Well, put yourself in the place of a woman munition worker. You join the shift before the shops are open. You don't leave until they are shut in the evening.

How can you do your household shopping? Obviously the answer is, "You can't."

I know you are concerned by this problem that, though it may seem trifling at first sight, is vital.

I know that in a few districts the W.V.S. has offered to shop for war workers. But a better method is needed if women are to be satisfied that they can do justice to their families and also do war work.

Find that method, and women won't hesitate to volunteer for the new factories.

Here is my suggestion: Stagger factory hours or, when that is not possible, allow women time off during the day to do their shopping.

Routine-minded employers won't like it. They must be made to lump it.

Though you wisely dislike compulsion, compel them to give their women workers a fair deal!—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Mrs. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Downing Street

DEAR MRS. CHURCHILL,—Our brave ally Russia cries out for aid.

British workers' pennies, subscribed to the Penny-a-Week Fund, have helped the marvellous Red Cross and St. John War Organisation to send an immediate £250,000 and medical and surgical supplies that make the head reel.

But because it is still not enough you have become chairman of that body's special "Aid to Russia" Fund.

But while you are waiting for the money to come in, millions of fine Russian boys must depend for succour on the pennies of their British comrades.

So the Penny-a-Week Fund will devote its £20,000-a-week which it receives in pennies to our Russian allies for the next three months.

What British people feel about what is happening on the road to Moscow will make them want to make that £20,000 a week £30,000—even more.—JOHN BULL.

LORD DAWSON OF PENN, Leading Physician

MY LORD,—Not being a member of the House of Lords I need not be so restrained in my language as you are.

Mentioning that officialdom has ordered the quantity of tuberculin-tested milk to be reduced by 200 gallons a week, despite the alarming increase in tuberculosis, you describe this situation as "ironical."

I call it damnable idiocy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARCESSON, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—So you have generously revised the allowances for Servicemen's dependants.

An excellent plan—if it is freed from the wickedly cruel delays of the old system of grants.

One woman was given an extra 1s. a week after four months' delay. I have known of other women, unable to meet bills and frantic with anxiety, who have had to wait nine months for a decision!

What is heeded is not only a new plan but a little hustling.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—After a nine months' wait, an unfit soldier has just been discharged from the Army. During all that time he's had nothing to do except sit in the canteen.

I suspect there are hundreds such cases in military depots. What is the object—to increase the nation's war bill? —JOHN BULL.

Mr. WHITTAKER HOWARTH, St. Anne's, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—Ours is a queer country, you'll agree. Because you wanted to "Speed the Tanits" and catch a train to take you to the factory where eighty men awaited your orders, you refused to leave a 'bus when the conductress told you it was full. Result—a summons and a magistrate's order to pay £2 5s. costs.

In Russia they'd have given you a medal.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I never expected that your chubby form would remind me of David fighting Goliath, but you certainly seem to have punched the noses of the City giants.

They held back their money from War Loan in the hope of forcing you to offer them 3 per cent. interest. Instead, your new loan is fixed at 2½ per cent.

Good for you—and it will be bad for them if they still refuse to lend their moneybags to the State.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR WOODBURN, M.P., Scottish Labour Leader

DEAR SIR,—Because a screw-cap for a petrol tank was scratched it was thrown out, you say, though it was good enough for the job.

That's nothing. I know that some war goods have been rejected because the inspectors didn't like the colour of the paint.

Maybe these arty "experts" were recruited from Bloomsbury.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD B. CANNY, Chairman, Board of Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR GERALD,—Your Income Tax hawks seem to want it both ways.

A man separated from his wife but who still maintains her is refused full allowance, yet has to pay tax on the alimony. So, on part of his income, he pays standard tax twice over.

I foresee trouble if your officials make this dirty dodge a general practice.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Full-time Civil Defenders have been so bored by months of idleness that they have tried to get into munition factories. Of course, they are not allowed to do so.

But surely it would be possible to provide them with some simple war work while waiting for the bombs to fall.—JOHN BULL.

ARMY COUNCIL

GENTLEMEN,—Soldiers in hospitals are being refused sick leave except on compassionate grounds.

Don't you know that their recovery is hastened if they are allowed to visit their homes and relatives, but retarded if they get bored and lonely?

If not, you are evidently ignorant of psychology.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM GREEN, President, American Federation of Labour

DEAR MR. GREEN,—The workers of Britain have noted your assurance that American labour is determined "to stand beside them to the bitter end."

And daily we receive evidence of the growing weight of war materials produced by American labour.

You have our thanks. Above all, your people have our respect.—JOHN BULL.

Commander FIREBRACE, Britain's Fire Chief

DEAR COMMANDER,—I'm still perturbed about the National Fire Service selection of new high officers.

In a Northern Area, for example, four men appointed as section officers have had very little fire experience, but experienced officers have been reduced in rank.

And it's odd that in many districts local councillors and their friends seem to be getting the promotions available.—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Bath City Council

GENTLEMEN,—Failure has met your attempt to ban Press and public from all meetings when the appointment and salaries of officials are discussed.

That should be a satisfactory lesson to quite a lot of hush-hush councils, and it should prevent quite a few official salaries from being inflated at public expense. Don't try it again!—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Repayments and Rewards

VIRTUE may be its own reward, but Life has a peculiar knack of rendering tribute to virtue.

There's the case of Malcolm Larkin, thirty-year-old Liverpool merchant seaman. I don't suppose he thought of either virtue or reward when he climbed among the ruins of a blitzed Liverpool home and rescued a woman, a girl, a boy and a baby.

It was a man's job, and the occasion found the man—just as many men have been found in the bomb-blasted towns of Britain.

Yet, exactly a year to the day from the time he got those people out of the wreckage of their home, Malcolm Larkin's ship was sunk.

He was picked up within an hour. Then the rescue ship was torpedoed. Again, within an hour he was picked up.

Larkin believes that his rescue was a "repayment" for the good work he did in the Liverpool blitz.

Some people, especially those who believe in predestination, will not agree with him. They will advance as an argument the fact that many brave men and women have been killed by Nazi bombs and by falling masonry as they went about their heroic work of rescue.

* * *

What was *their* reward? Extinction, oblivion, death?

Yes, and more. What that more is neither you nor I know. Perhaps *they* know, for it may well be that in some other sphere or existence they will receive their reward for their majestic exit from this world's stage.

Some men and women go through life doing what they can to help others. The purity and unselfishness of their deeds sets them apart, lifts them high above the pettiness, the avarice and vulgarity which teem around them.

They are the truly great souls of this world.

Alas, their numbers are few, and their labours often in vain.

Yet they remain steadfast to their faith in the inherent good of man, and fight courageously for the principles which they know to be good and true.

They never think in terms of repayment. Others do—and the crumbs of bread they cast upon the waters they expect back in terms of rich, golden loaves.

* * *

There are publishers and agents who help struggling young authors, not because their hearts are overflowing with love and charity, but because they look upon the writers as long-term investments likely to return them good profits.

There are little men in every business, every profession, every office, who go out of their way to be helpful to others who may advance them in their careers.

And the sprat to catch the mackerel may not be material.

Sometimes the mackerel is landed. More often it eludes the net which is guided by greed, ambition and selfishness.

The reason is that those who "help" others in the hope of reward are working against the golden rule.

"Blessed is he that expecteth nothing" applies to all acts of virtue and pseudo virtue.

Repayment comes to those who expect no repayment. And when it comes it serves a double purpose. It strengthens faith in one's fellows and it makes life a warmer, more beautiful thing.

Hell—then Ten Minutes Late!

Just a quiet, unassuming clerk, with fifty years' service in the same office, but he proved himself one of Britain's unsung heroes. His epic moment provides this week's "Big Tale of the Little Man"

By FRANK STUART

JOHN GRAHAM would have told you that he had never done anything unusual in his life. He was even proud of it.

Just under sixty-five years old, he lived in Cardiff all that time, except for a few days' modest holiday every summer.

He was born in a little street behind the Church of St. John the Baptist when Cardiff's population was only about 55,000, and he saw that population grow to well over 200,000.

When he was fourteen, young John became a messenger-boy to a firm connected with Cardiff's coal interests.

At twenty, he was a clerk in the same firm.

At sixty-two, he rose to be confidential clerk, knowing more about the business than the owners themselves, trusted implicitly, as much a part of the place as its own stone portico.

The war broke out when he was sixty-three, and his work increased tenfold. The staff was depleted by calling-up, by girls leaving to join women's services.

Business grew suddenly in volume as hundreds of warships began to comb the seven seas.

No one would have thought of grey-headed, diffident John Graham of Cardiff as a factor in the conquest of Hitlerism, but certain of my Lords of the Admiralty realised his importance.

To the rest of the world he was just a quiet little confidential clerk, vaguely in the coal business, with a rather fine collection of Nantgarw china, of which he was tremendously proud.

After nearly fifty years of work for his firm, someone discovered that he had never missed a day.

Taxed with this, he modestly admitted it, murmuring that he had been very lucky to suffer no ill-health.

Somehow, John Graham was not one of those people for whom there are celebrations and a little presentation on the completion of his fiftieth year of service. He would have thought it "somewhat embarrassing."

It would not be too much to say that everyone in the firm loved him; but they just took him for granted, rather than make demonstrations.

A Major Sensation

On the day that completed his fiftieth year there he arrived ten minutes late!

The thing would have caused a major sensation; but it followed the night of Cardiff's worst *blitz*. And Cardiff suffered that night as few cities have suffered.

John Graham apologised a little nervously for being late at the office that morning.

He said he had been "busy" during the night, and had been unavoidably delayed.

Of course, they asked him questions; but he smiled his rather secretive smile and said that he really must not waste any more of the firm's time.

That day there were some important orders to be attended to.

Knowing their man, the authorities concerned had sent these matters marked "For attention Mr. John Graham."

He worked swiftly and with his invariable quiet efficiency all through that day—the fiftieth anniversary of the day he had come as a fourteen-year-old messenger-boy to the same firm.

How much he personally had helped to build that firm, and so to construct one of the solid backgrounds to the Royal Navy, no one will ever know.

The fire was gaining power, but he went down again into that scorching pit and fetched the woman out of it, too . . .

During the afternoon, his secretary saw him sitting with his head in his hands.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Graham?" she asked.

"No," he said. "Thank you, no." He did not lift his head, but at the time she thought nothing about it.

That evening, when she was leaving the office, she saw him sitting in the same attitude. He was obviously very ill, and they immediately sent for an ambulance and removed him to a nursing home.

On his desk, after he had gone, they found his work for the day neatly and perfectly completed.

During the night he died from the results of a heart attack.

Only then did the rest of the story come out.

John Graham had indeed been "busy" during the *blitz* night.

Member of an A.R.P. party, he had been "in it" from the first bomb.

His first task, while the raid was only starting, was to marshal the terrified inhabitants of some burning flats, and get them out into the street and to safety.

There was trouble.

A woman subject to occasional epileptic fits was stricken by terror into a sudden seizure. She screamed suddenly, collapsed on the floor foaming at the mouth, and became completely helpless and violent.

Graham swiftly cleared the room, and, advised by a relative of the victim, applied a tourniquet to the woman's arm. This modified and presently stopped the fit.

Meanwhile, the flames were coming nearer.

At last, he and another man were able to lift her and carry her out of the building.

Doctors consider that the swift treatment, and the presence of a man who was absolutely calm and quiet, may have saved the woman from killing herself or being burned to death while helpless.

The Guiding Hand

For much of the rest of that night he was doing the sort of work he would have chosen—quiet, unostentatious work in the red, smoking, cratered streets of the Welsh city he had always loved.

Did women and children need guiding from collapsing homes into a public shelter—Graham was there, his prim and proper presence driving back the horrors of the continuous bombing as the cool hand of a nurse on a sleeper's forehead drives away some fantastic nightmare.

Was someone required to run through a house tottering to its fall to make sure that no one had been left behind—the little elderly clerk was ready, unexcited, precise, never missing a room or a cranny, emerging again just as the place leaned over to final collapse, and saying in that dry office voice of his, "Quite empty, I think," as if he were calling the attention of a junior to the fact that the stamp-box needed replenishing.

All this time, great red flashes and shuddering blows, accompanied by tearing gusts of acrid, fume-laden air, the thudding of guns, the intermittent growling of bomber engines, the clang of ambulance bells, and the crackling of consuming fires that stained half the city like blood in the darkness, showed that Cardiff was still "in the front line" against German Kultur.

They Were Winning

Citizen-soldier John Graham—and a thousand other Little Men like him—were fighting a battle against the most cruel and powerful Air Force in the world.

And they were winning!

Not long before dawn, at that time when a man's courage runs lowest, one more little house collapsed beneath what was almost the last bomb of that great raid.

It was just one unimportant little house in an undistinguished street. They supposed that no one was in it, but a scream from the bottom of the bomb-crater that caused the collapse showed the presence of a victim.

Two victims—a woman, hurt in some way, and a little girl of about eight years old.

They might have clambered out of the crater, but there was an obstacle. Halfway up the side of the jagged hole some timber projected into it, and the timber had caught fire. It was burning steadily, not a great blaze as yet, but gathering heat and power.

Shortly, perhaps within minutes, it would fill the pit with fire.

A small, grey-clad figure, still very neat, appeared in the red light. He gave quiet orders with the air of a man accustomed to authority.

Into the Scorching Pit

Then he lay, face downwards, and some men from other houses in that street gripped his heels and pushed him forward, head down, into the pit, still holding his heels.

His jacket scorched. His neck scorched. But he gave fresh orders calmly. They moved him a little. . . .

He got his arms round the woman and held her up. He gripped the child. Then they pulled him out, and he brought the little girl with him.

The fire was gaining power, but he went down again into that scorching pit and fetched the woman out of it, too.

Just afterwards, a lump of flaming wood fell into it, filling it with fire.

Graham looked very ill just afterwards, and someone gave him brandy from a pocket flask.

Then he hurried off, embarrassed because the people of the street were trying to make a hero of him. They did not know his name, and he escaped thankfully from them, looking for more work to do.

No one knows what happened to him after that.

Perhaps he suffered a heart attack.

The next record of him is when he turned up at his office, apologising for being ten minutes late on this day that completed his fifty years of service—late for the first time in his life.

No one in the office even knew that he suffered from heart trouble. His doctor knew, but doctors do not tell.

That is all there is to his story. He would have hated to have it dramatised or enlarged. It remains, just bald fact, the tale of one of Britain's Little Men who was "busy" that night.

But, against the steely, unconquerable spirit of John Graham and ten thousand others like him, Hitler's forces of devastation and horror have flung themselves in vain.

NEXT WEEK: "The Schoolmaster Carries On."

(World Copyright, 1941, by the Author's Advisory Service, Ltd., London. No reproduction in part or whole.)

HUMAN MACHINE

Are You One of Life's Amateurs?

People are queer. They've got to spend all their lives in their bodies, in their human machines, yet not one in a thousand ever makes sure that the machinery is in good working order.

Not one in a thousand ever bothers to inquire whether there could not be bigger dividends on the energy expended.

The result is that hardly anyone's an expert at life. Most people are just bad amateurs.

Living is an art, a trade if you like, that's got to be learned.

Why waste energy in complaining and grumbling and worrying and sulking? There's nothing inevitable about it. These things are signs that the machine is not running smoothly. They're signs of wasted effort, signs of the amateur.

How much better to see that the causes of complaint are removed; to see that our energies are conserved and not wasted; to see that what we do is done well; to make sure that we face our problems instead of trying to dodge them; to face life steadily and live it fearlessly.

These are some of the things that distinguish the expert from the amateur. We can all be experts. It only needs determination to succeed—and practice.

Why the Aerodromes Are Months Late

★ **What's wrong on the Production Front is being asked more and more insistently. So a new investigation, right on the spot, has been started**

By

MAURICE FAGENCE

I WAS listening-in when Lord Beaverbrook described a modern miracle.

Our hot-gospeller of production told how our Russian allies, wanting a super-aerodrome, had cleared a forest, drained a swamp, driven a road, built two wide and long runways, and finished the job in thirty days.

So I went to watch the building of one of our super-airfields.

It should have been finished last December. For nearly ten months our eager young pilots should have been soaring from it nightly for the battering of Germany.

It is far from finished. I should say that it is unlikely that it will be completed *next* December.

Exactly twenty minutes in a car brought me to another aerodrome—a finished article, although it had been handed over to the Air Ministry many, many weary months too late.

All Behind

Eager young bomber pilots *do* rise from this airfield every night, for even a British aerodrome must get finished some day!

They drone back from Germany eager to see their home runway loom out of the pitch-black of the night.

Two weeks ago the resident engineer of that aerodrome ordered 500 tons of limestone to ensure that, should the aerodrome be bombed while the boys were away over Berlin, the runways should be made reasonably safe for their landing by the time they returned.

A fortnight ago. The resident engineer has torn out much hair in the meantime, sworn many vitriolic oaths.

But only 100 of those 500 tons have arrived.

I travelled to other unfinished aerodromes. All behind schedule. All moving with painful slowness towards completion at some very uncertain date.

And I asked myself—why?

Now there are times when a journalist should give hard facts untinged with private opinion—when he is insulting the intelligence of his readers if he does otherwise.

This is such a moment.

So I will content myself with the plain question-and-answer stuff on which British juries have to decide the fate of men's lives.

I called at an aerodrome that should have been finished nearly six months ago. It is far from finished. I asked: "What's wrong?"

No Stone!

I was told: "Cutting out the trimmings, an aerodrome is largely a matter of runways. And 80 per cent. of the job of building runways consists of supplying stone.

"For a job like this we need 100,000 tons of stone. No peace time jobs call for such a wanton expenditure of this material. And we can't get the stone quickly enough."

I got in my car and, within five miles, found a quarry.

I drove down a tortuous path into the pit and asked for the manager.

And I said: "Why can't the aerodrome down the road have your stone?"

He replied: "Never, at any one moment since that contract was begun, have we been unable to supply all the stone that aerodrome needed.

"We could have done just as big and quick a job as the Russians—but we couldn't get the transport."

I asked for a list of every haulier and cartage contractor serving that quarry, and was given it. There were forty-odd names, some of big haulage firms, some of small.

I approached Haulier No. 1.

He said: "I cannot get enough petrol to run my lorries after three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I won't be able to turn a wheel to-morrow. I have no petrol left. The workers waiting at that aerodrome for materials will have to wait in vain.

"I move nothing on Sundays. I haven't the petrol. I do one run some Saturdays, none others. You can't run my lorries without juice.

"It pays me to put lorries into dock for painting, repairs and so on, and I do. What can you do with empty tanks?

Petrol Refused

"I have been to see the local petrol rationing people. They reply: 'Aerodromes are no business of ours. We've got to reduce the consumption of petrol, and we're going to do it.'

"They warned us that we might expect another cut of one-fifth in petrol allowance.

"It means one more day a week in which no stone reaches the aerodromes, if you can refer to a job that must end at three in the afternoon as 'a day.' But the petrol rationing people say: Petrol consumption must be reduced. Aerodromes are not our business."

I went to Haulier No 2, and repeated my question. He replied:

"I could do an easy five loads per day per lorry in the week. But I only do three. The reason is that I am refused petrol.

"I do practically nothing at week-ends. I haven't the juice.

"I have had all my lorries standing idle for as long as 1½ days for want of petrol—at a time when there has hardly been a wheel turning in the district, and the aerodrome and the workers on it have been crying out for materials.

"People speak of navvies standing idle. It is a wicked lie. They stand idle, but how can you lay stone that hasn't arrived?

"The local council secured the use of my lorries on indent, which means compulsorily. I had to use petrol allotted for the aerodrome job.

"I went to the petrol rationing people and said: 'I have been compelled to use petrol allotted for the aerodrome contract. Unless it is made up, my lorries must be idle, and the aerodrome must get still further behind.'

"I was told: 'You are always asking for petrol. You must drink it. You can't have a spot more!'

"The main contractors sent to cities sixty and eighty miles away for hired lorries.

"The petrol consumed was appalling. And because the men had so far to come, and knew so little of the district, the amount of stone hauled was very little.

'And all the time the local garages were full of lorries that couldn't be moved because the petrol rationing people wouldn't release the juice for a journey of four or five miles between local quarries and local aerodromes.

More Delay

"The petrol rationing people made a mistake of 100 gallons in the amount of petrol allotted to me. They admitted their mistake honestly, but said: 'It is too late to remedy it.'

"I said: 'It means more delay in finishing the aerodrome. Idle men. Idle lorries. A hampered war effort.'

"They made the extraordinary reply: 'If you haven't been allowed the petrol, you haven't used it, so nobody's the worse off.' And promptly refused to rectify the mistake.

"And the aerodrome went very short next day."

I went to Haulier No. 3. He was in the district where an aerodrome cannot get a mere 500 tons of limestone for filling in bomb-holes.

I said: "Come now, surely you could have obliged with a mere 500 tons?"

His answer was: "I am at my wits' end. I rang up —— (city forty miles away) three times to get the petrol. I gave all my time to touring the district to see the petrol rationing officer, and finally the district transport officer.

"I was treated as if I were a man trying to get petrol to visit the Derby."

I went to an aerodrome where enough stone had been exposed to build five aerodromes as big as the Russian airfield Lord Beaverbrook referred to.

Work Stopped

Six monster charges shook the air the moment I arrived. Thousands of tons of stone came pouring down the face.

The manager said: "Our work comes to an end at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, although there is an aerodrome a stone's throw from here in absolute extremity for stone.

"We cannot insert charges of explosive without using a compressor to bore into the rock. And this immense quarry has just two gallons of petrol in stock.

"We cannot quarry a yard of stone after 10 a.m. to-morrow till the new petrol allowance becomes available. And we are waiting for lorries that cannot come because their tanks are empty.

"Meanwhile, I'll ask you to observe that a party has arrived by motor-car to picnic in the field opposite—and the nearest town is at least twelve miles away."

I promised to refrain from private comment.

By the exercise of tremendous will-power, I keep that promise.

MORE REVELATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Japan's soldiers have failed to smash China, but though their losses have been great, Fascist hotheads in the Government are itching to stab Russia in the back

THE fate of Moscow is, as I write, still in the balance. And with it the fate of Russia, of ourselves and of civilised life everywhere on this planet.

It is a grim fact which must be faced in all its brutal meanings.

In that most moving broadcast by a Polish woman, which most of us heard a short time ago, the speaker said:

> *"I don't know what astonishes me most about you British—your kindness and your courage, or your blindness.*

It was a terribly true saying. We have lived in a fool's paradise for years. Hence this unspeakable calamity. Many of us are in that paradise still.

The fate of Moscow is the eleventh hour summons to us to quit it and face the stark realities.

Let us for the moment assume that, after one of the most heroic and certainly the most tremendous struggle in human history, the Russian Army is forced to leave Moscow to the enemy. The Army would still be formidable, but its offensive capacity would be gone for the time being.

Entrenched in the capital, Hitler would set up his puppet government, hand over the nation to the fiendish Gestapo, institute a reign of terror, as in Poland, and seize the vast resources he needs for a long war.

His first act would be to launch his "peace offensive." Then would be the customary assurance that he had "no more territorial claims."

He would claim to have welded the whole of Europe, from the Straits of Dover to the Volga into his "New Order," and having accomplished that benign purpose, what would be the sense of that wicked "warmonger Churchill" continuing the struggle?

If that familiar trick served his purpose, he would address himself to his final task—destroying the one obstacle to his universal empire. For if he could dispose of Britain and British sea power the rest of the world would fall to him like a ripe plum.

Nothing succeeds like success, and it is obvious that with the swastika flying over the Kremlin, Hitler's ultimate aim to set it flutter-

OUR BIG HOUR IS NEAR

Says A. G. GARDINER

ing over the Houses of Parliament would be simplified.

There would be no military power left in Europe or Asia to give him real anxiety. With all the productive power of the Continent at his bidding, and with his fury of hate to spur him on, he would address himself to our destruction, on land, sea and in the air.

The U-boat campaign in the Atlantic would be intensified. The attack on the Suez would be renewed from both sides.

The capture of the Caucasus would open up the road alike to the Suez, the Persian Gulf and India.

Gibraltar and North Africa would be assailed and the concentration of air bombardment of our cities would prepare the way to the final goal—invasion.

NOT LEAST IMPORTANT WOULD BE THE EFFECT UPON THE JACKALS AND THE FEW REMAINING NEUTRAL POWERS.

Throughout, two of Hitler's chief weapons have been terror and the legend of invincibility. Both these weapons would be sharpened by the conquest of Moscow.

Consider the effect on the jackals. Japan has failed to give Hitler the help he expected from her so far. She has waited to see how the cat jumped. She has not even dared to stop the American shipments to Vladivostok.

But in so decisive a stroke as the capture of Moscow she would assume that all was over bar the shouting.

She could seek to recover the good will of the conqueror by attacking Russia from the East.

The traitors of Vichy, too, would find the moment come to act. They would have a case which would strengthen their hand with the French people.

"You see, the struggle against Germany is hopeless," they would say.

They would not add that it was hopeless because of their treachery.

"We have done what we have done because we knew it was hopeless. Now there is nothing for France but utter destruction or complete obedience to Hitler."

Spain, too, already as much in the pocket of Germany as France is, would no longer hesitate. And what of Turkey? Could she resist the stampede?

IT is a dark picture. But can it be said that it would not correspond with the facts if Hitler's million of dead had made him master of Moscow?

And I have painted it darkly to cure what the Polish woman called our "' lindness."

We are fighting for our freedom, our life, our everything. We are fighting against a fate which would be no less hellish than that of Poland.

BUT IT IS NOT THE WHOLE PICTURE, AND I PUT IT BRUTALLY NOT TO DEPRESS, BUT TO INSPIRE. I HAVE PUT IT BRUTALLY TO MAKE US SEE.

Turn to the other side.

First, whatever Hitler's success in Russia, he has paid a gigantic price for it in blood, treasure and material.

He has strained his machine to the last gasp. It will be months before he can stage an effort on any comparable scale.

And we have had nearly half a year in which to pile up reserves, strengthen our defensive measures, dispose our forces, evolve our strategy, build ships and more ships, guns and more guns, 'planes and more 'planes.

To-day we are better equipped for war than ever in our history.

Next, our command of the sea is not less than Hitler's command of the land. And seapower is still a decisive factor in war, especially a long war. We have shattered the Italian navy and destroyed or immobilised a large part of the German navy.

It is true that Hitler has all the Continental shipyards, as he has all the Continental arsenals, in his hands, and is doubtless building furiously.

It is true, also, that Vichy may crown its treachery by turning its guns against the ships of its betrayed ally. But, so far as anything in war is assured, it is our supremacy at sea.

Then, behind us, spread over the whole globe, are the great dominions of the British Commonwealth committed to fighting to the death for the same freedom for which we are fighting.

Then are the resources of the great dependency of India and the comradeship of the vast Chinese republic, fighting the same forces of evil as those with which we are engaged.

There is, further, the not inconsiderable power of the Dutch East Indies, helping us to hold one of the great key fortresses of the world.

But most potent of all, there is the might of the United States, now at last awake to the peril that threatens her as it threatens us.

SHE has hovered long on the brink of decision, but should Moscow fall the plunge would be taken. In any case, it will be taken soon.

For this is a war for the soul of the world, for everything for which the great American democracy stands.

TOGETHER THE TWO MIGHTY ENGLISH-SPEAKING SYSTEMS CAN SAVE THEMSELVES AND SAVE THE WORLD.

Finally, there is the Europe that Hitler has ravaged, martyred and plundered. He has made it a prison, a Bastille of the human spirit.

But Europe will rise again. It will break its prison. And the horror summed up in the German name will be avenged.

But the brand of Cain will never be washed from the brow of that barbarous race.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD "DANGER ZONE" SCHOOLS BE CLOSED?

● Six Dover schools have reopened for the first time since Dunkirk, this despite a warning from the chairman of the Education Committee that "Dover is no place for children."

I am asked whether or not the Ministry of Home Security should intervene.

The answer is that it should have intervened months ago, when the danger first arose.

Then, it dodged the issue. To-day, it is too late.

The chief thing that is wrong with the Churchill Government is that it did not drastically apply its own ideas when it was formed.

Then, the nation would have stood anything.

SHOULD "AMATEUR STRATEGISTS" BE BANNED?

● But who is to ban them? The Government, very rightly, has on several occasions declared its policy of leaving the Press free.

Readers of newspapers, very naturally, want the war explained to them. So editors hire men of military knowledge who draw conclusions from the facts before them and who do their best to explain.

At their worst, they have not guessed any more stupidly than did Ironside and Chamberlain, who knew all the facts.

No one calls Churchill "an amateur stategist" because he was wrong over Norway.

History is full of glorification of stupid generals who, merely because of the courage of their soldiers, won a battle they would otherwise have lost. Yet no one sneers "amateur strategist" when he passes the monument of one of these overrated generals.

WHAT ARE REGIONAL COMMISSIONERS DOING?

Actually, the Regional Commissioners, who number four, are engaged in perfecting, still further, their plans for linking up the Civil Defence services with the local authorities.

They are seldom seen by the public, and there is no reason why they should be—unless calamity hits us.

They are an administrative body. They do not run anything.

But, if the links between municipal authorities and Whitehall should break down in any district, that locality's commissioner would immediately act as the Government itself.

You would certainly hear of him then.

The thing to watch about the idea of Regional Commissioners is that, when peace time comes, we must revert to our old democratic system.

IS CONTROL GOOD FOR THE B.B.C.?

● Whether it is good for the B.B.C. or not, it is essential that, in war time, one of the Ministries should exercise authority over our wireless system.

In theory, the head of the B.B.C. should control the news read on the air; in practice, it would instantly be rigidly supervised if the Ministry of Information considered it biased or ineffective.

So, whether the control is, in effect, exercised or not, the hidden hand is always there.

If the Press were controlled, which it is not, this would be a danger to liberty.

The Ministry of Information and the Foreign Office have been at war over the B.B.C. ever since the minor trouble with Hitler started; each has tried to grab authority from the other. And the battle goes on.

Now, there is a duality of control, a great rivalry over it.

ARE WAR RISKS DIMINISHING?

● Until a week or two ago an insurance company wanted an extra £1 per cent. on life policies to cover a civilian against death from enemy action. Now it is willing to assume the risk for 10s. So reports a reader who asks: "Why is this?"

Life insurances taken out before the war include war risk. Those taken out later were charged £2 per cent. extra by some companies, but only £1, or even 10s., by others, in competition.

The truth is that insurance companies generally are very greatly surprised at the smallness of the war claims made against them. They do not compare with those of the great influenza epidemic, for instance.

Now that Russia is destroying Germany's machines, danger from the air, it is argued, is even less than it was

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

WHO SAID THEY WANTED WOMEN?

★ ***Even skilled women who volunteer for the Services have to wait months for their call-up. Meanwhile, they are left penniless and hungry!***

YOUNG Girls to be Called Up! Women Urgently Wanted for War Work! Call to all University Girls!

Those are some of the headlines to Government announcements. The eloquent appeals that appear under them make me angry, so shamefully do tney contrast with the shocking experience of one of my readers.

She is a skilled miller. Her testimonials show that she has worked for some of the best engineering firms.

Last summer she answered the Government's "urgent appeal."

She decided to join the Women's Auxiliary Air Force and went to the Air Ministry's headquarters in Kingsway, London.

She was graciously received—and she was impressed by what appeared to be a highly efficient business system.

Officials said she was just the kind of woman they were looking for, and that she would be most useful on the "mechanical side" of the Force.

Indeed, she is not only a skilled engineer, but a woman of intelligence and education.

Posted to Depot

In due course she appeared for medical examination, and passed "A1."

Handed an official form (which is in my possession), headed "Women's Auxiliary Air Force, ACH/Sparking Plug Tester 2004324," she was told that she would be posted to a training centre, and instructed to place herself in readiness for an early posting to that depot.

Led to believe that she would receive her call-up papers within a few days, she took temporary lodgings in London —*and waited.*

THAT WAS IN THE FIRST WEEK OF AUGUST. AND SHE IS STILL WAITING.

She was penniless and hungry when she came to my office for advice last week.

She had had nothing to eat for more than a day.

Without a copper in her purse, she was justifiably contemptuous of officialdom's pious and "urgent" appeals for the services of women as skilled as herself.

Muddle and Rudeness

For more than two months she had been pushed from pillar to post, meeting muddle and even rudeness in her effort to serve her country.

"The call for women," she said bitterly, "is likely to ruin women if they're treated as I have been."

For weeks she made regular visits to the Air Ministry to try to get matters speeded up. In vain!

If women are so vitally needed and, like her, have passed the medical examination and been actually enrolled, why are they not put into training?

Why neglect them altogether, particularly when they are skilled and could do essential war work?

But that is not the end of the scandal. Through being on the Air Ministry books, and theoretically *likely* to be called up at any time, this woman has not been able to get any suitable work during the months of waiting.

Employment exchange officials tell her that, having registered in the W.A.A.F.s, she cannot be sent to an ordinary job.

Existing on Charity

Until the Air Ministry need her she must live on air!

Without any private means, unable to draw the "dole," she has been existing on charity given her by relatives.

When my Chief Commissioner took this case up with the Air Ministry the story was officially verified.

An official admitted there was slowness in such cases and, while sympathetic, could only try to get the "call up" expedited.

Of course, the whole business is ludicrous.

The same sort of thing happens with male volunteers, too. I know one who has been hanging about for nearly a year, waiting for his papers to come through!

His clothes are threadbare, he is afraid to buy a new suit because he still hopes against hope that his "call" may yet come through soon.

He is no exception. I receive many indignant and perplexed letters from young men who are similarly placed.

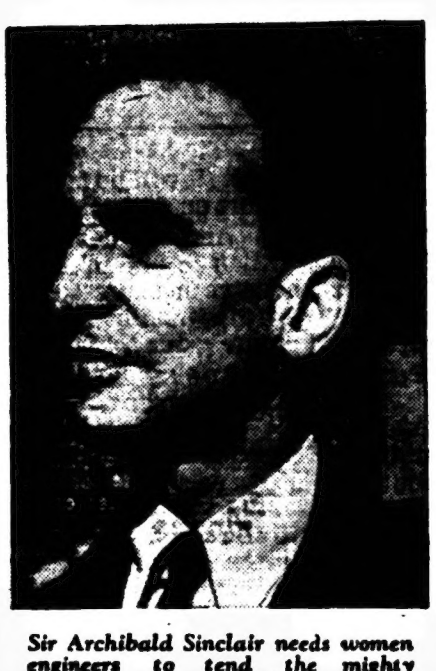
They, too, heeded the Air Ministry's advertisements: "The R.A.F. Needs You." "Volunteer NOW."

That imperative "NOW" apparently means "This year, next year, sometime" to officialdom, for though these young men have been accepted as pilots or observers they have been kicking their heels in idleness for months.

I realise the need to build up a strong reserve. But why not tell volunteers that they may not be called for training immediately, instead of leading them to suppose they will be called within a week or two?

And, to return to the question of woman-power, why must women who volunteered in the summer have to wait until Christmas before they can serve their country?

The quicker Sir Archibald Sinclair looks personally into this grave matter the better. It makes some Cabinet Ministers' speeches a mockery of words.



Sir Archibald Sinclair needs women engineers to tend the mighty machines of the R.A.F. But those who volunteer are left out in the cold

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Mr. W. Draycott, Westdale Lane, Gedling, Nottingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He provided some very interesting information.

Readers are invited to communicate with me about any matter needing editorial comment or inquiry. Envelopes must be marked "Public Benefactor."

Just Button Up Your Pockets!

A BIG and growing ramp is going on in furniture, and welfare workers are becoming increasingly concerned about the excessive prices charged. So much so, that people in receipt of Government grants to replace furniture lost when they were bombed out find that they can only buy bare necessities.

One family, for example, was allowed £80 and had to pay 11 guineas for *one bed!*

In the East End of London there have been many complaints, and it is clear that some traders are deliberately fleecing poor people. Something will have to be done to stop it.

★ ★ ★

MADAME YABLON, of Uxbridge, advertises under a Box number offering advice about "personal problems."

She is only another of those impudent handwriting "experts" who seek fees for a lot of balderdash.

★ ★ ★

WATCH out for an old lag named Reginald Easterbrook, who calls on parents of cadets serving with the R.A.F. in America with a tale that he is over here on leave and has a special message for them.

He is only out to get money, or presents, "to take back to them." He has never been in America, and the police want him.

IF talkative strangers arrive at the door and ask for money to help elderly people leave their London homes for "rest houses in safe areas," don't make any donation without inquiry.

One crook, who has served a term of penal servitude, has been obtaining money from numerous people for such a scheme. It exists only in his own imagination, and for his sole benefit.

★ ★ ★

HAVING recently exposed a Red Cross ramp run by a Tankerton man, I now list another.

Women are offering furniture polish for 1s., the proceeds being supposedly for this famous fund. Housewives who buy it find it useless. Actually, the saleswomen have a special bottle to demonstrate with, then pass off a rubbishy substitute.

★ ★ ★

VARIED are the stories told by tricksters paying house-to-house calls nowadays, and I particularly urge readers not to buy stockings from talkative gentry.

John Kershaw Marsdale, sentenced at Essex Quarter Sessions the other day for false pretences, obtained large sums from all parts of the country.

Taking orders with advance payments, he pretended he could supply goods within a few days. Of course, they never arrived.

Forty Gallons a Week to Take a Boy to School

PETROL "irregularities"—deliberate and widespread wangling—have become a national disgrace.

Once in a while there is a prosecution, but too often utterly inadequate fines are inflicted, and the country-wide scandal goes on unabated.

A typical case was investigated by a member of my staff touring the Midlands recently.

In one village a man of wealth possesses several cars. One is driven by a uniformed chauffeur to take his twelve-year-old son to a school forty miles away.

The boy is brought home to lunch, and taken back to afternoon lessons. The consequent waste of petrol happens five days a week, and local people naturally inquire how this celebrity can obtain valuable spirit for such a purpose.

In the same district traders delivering food have the greatest difficulty in getting supplies.

Unpatriotic "Wave"

Another grievance concerns the use by local councillors of petrol for private purposes. One councillor made a journey to London by car to take his wife to a West End hairdressing salon!

On the outskirts of another town there is an important military camp. Officers on leave seem to have unlimited supplies of petrol for use in their cars for trips to London. Yet there is an excellent train service.

Recently a big Army lorry was sent to a railway station twelve miles away to collect a small parcel, weighing sixteen pounds, which a soldier on a push-bike could have collected.

At a Government munition works, petrol belonging to the State has been found in the tanks of employees' cars.

In Southern England men employed by a firm of contractors were issued with ten gallons of petrol a day, regardless of whether they were driving vehicles or not. Much of it was sold illegally to local residents and no questions were asked!

One person living in the district was found to be in possession of 120 gallons of petrol to which he had no right.

Falsified Figures

In a town near London it was recently alleged that the figures relating to petrol used in the council's A.R.P. vehicles had been falsified.

A councillor said that the records showed that one day a vehicle went fifty-four miles on thirty-four gallons; on another day, eight miles on thirty-six gallons; and on a third day, twenty-nine miles on fourteen gallons!

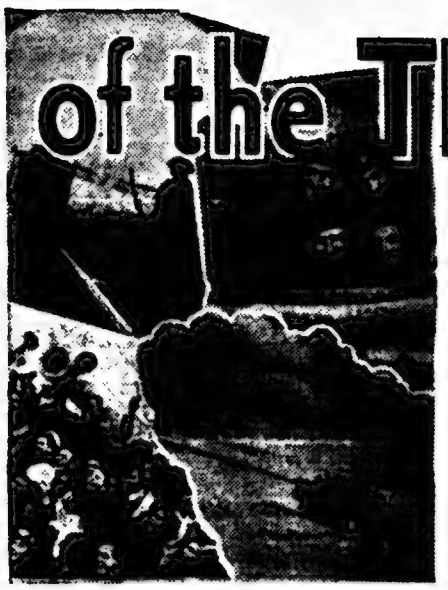
Many firms of contractors are getting liberal supplies of petrol, often amounting to thousands of gallons, ostensibly for work on war contracts and for use in direct war production.

Too often this petrol is used for many other purposes.

Several firms have been prosecuted for misusing petrol in this way, but nobody has been sent to prison for this type of downright swindling.

To inflict piffling fines in such cases does nothing except encourage the wanglers. Months of hard labour should be the penalty for this type of offence.

VOICE of the TROOPS



"BATTLE of the Atlantic" is a fine, resounding phrase.

But few of us realise how grim is the fight that goes on unceasingly in the grey mists of the hardest-hitting ocean in the world.

We read the epics of great naval battles.

But there are a thousand and one other stories that have never been told—that one never hears about till one reads them in the letters of the soldiers who figure in them.

Such a letter has been sent by E. P. Jahnsen, A.B., p/jx 215155, writing from his bed in a naval hospital, to a relative at North Bersted, Bognor Regis, Sussex. It says:

We were out on patrol in mid-Atlantic when we caught up to a fair-sized trawler flying the Dutch flag, with indicating signals to say it had fishing-nets out.

Although it looked quite harmless to us, our accompanying cruiser signalled to us to intercept and investigate.

We ordered the trawler to heave-to, which she did.

But just as we were slowing and turning, and our whaler and armed crew were being lowered, the skunks hauled down the Dutch flag, hoisted the Nazi swastika, put on full speed, and made straight for us.

It was due solely to the quick thinking of the skipper that we were saved from being rammed amidships, and we got away with a bump on our port quarter.

The trawler then drew off and fired two torpedoes from concealed tubes, the "tin fish" missing us, thank goodness.

Needless to say, we opened fire on the same, and it gave us, as members of the gun's crew, great satisfaction to see her sunk with a few well-placed shots in the place that hurts most.

She had obviously been waiting for some poor, scantily armed merchantman to come limping along—and we trumped her ace.

Conditions were so bad that we could not find any survivors.—E. P. Jahnsen.

★ ★ ★

NOT HEROES—BUT

And now, after the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of the Desert. Signalman Harry Gallagher, of the Sudan Royal Corps of Signals, writes to his wife-to-be, Miss Jacqueline Jackson, Thetford Road, Great Barr, Birmingham:

Our crowd helped to chase the Italians from Mersa Matru, Sidi-Barrani and Sollum—and then we went through Eritrea to the loveliest scrap of all, the battle for Keren.

We fought against tremendous odds, in a temperature almost killing, over mountains that it would break your heart even to look at.

We don't look tough, and we are not any sort of heroes, but we are simply longing to have a smack at the Jerries. —Signalman Gallagher.

★ ★ ★

FREAKS

But Aircraftman R. H. Brighty is at the very beginning of his service. He joined only three weeks ago. He finds a lot to interest him, however, judging by a letter to his aunt:

Am settling perfectly, and would like drill if the corporal didn't expect us to be contortionists.

He shouts out impossible things, like: "Pull your shoulders back in the front" and "Stick your chests out in the rear." —A.C.2 Brighty.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

PRISONERS—OF VICHY!

We went cold when we read the address on the next letter. For George Dawson, air gunner of the Fleet Air Arm, writing to his mother at Inverichnie, Banff, Scotland, is interned in French West Africa—a prisoner of our late allies! He writes:

I am with British merchant seamen who were torpedoed and put in here. Some had done eighteen days in lifeboats and all were more than ten days in getting ashore.

Quite a lot of poor fellows died.

There are Lascars and Chinese among them. They were good as sailors, but they prayed most of the time they were in the boats, and so didn't give the help they might have done.

One little Chinee was so ravenous when landed that the first meal killed him.

Our negro guards have just killed the fourth poisonous snake within the barbed wire of our compound. Two little monkeys are making life more livable for us. They are always up to mischief, but we are very grateful for Petit and Bobs.—George Dawson.

★ ★ ★

BRITAIN'S BEST!

Meanwhile, the boys who are lucky enough to retain their liberty are seeing a world more wonderful than ever they imagined it to be.

Private F. Lawn, of a famous infantry regiment, seems to have borrowed the pen of a poet to write from Iceland to his sister at Sumner Road, West Croydon:

Since writing about remarkable sunsets I have seen others that make those look tame. I am afraid nothing I could write would ever describe them with justice.

Imagine huge mountains changing colour a dozen times in as many minutes.

One mountain a few miles from where I am standing was completely arched by a vivid rainbow. We could see both ends of the beautiful arc. They seemed to hit the ground in a line a few hundred yards in advance of us.

Slowly the rainbow crept closer till a sheet of rain that moved ahead of it descended on us.

Still, there's a tle spot in England that I much pref r.—Private Lawn, 5256315.

HUSTLING THE COMMANDER

Officially reported dead, Stoker M. Murray (c/kx 111783), serving on one of our biggest battleships, wields a very lively pen in writing home:

Just a few lines to let you know I'm in the best of health. We don't know what's going on, but otherwise I'm having a very good time.

We were playing our officers at deck hockey the other day, and the commander, who was playing against us, gave us a real rough time.

But he didn't get off so lightly, although he is the commander. But he didn't object to that. We are all alike when playing games.

Believe me, there's more in stoking than meets the eye. I am hoping for a spot of promotion, for, believe me, I may be the youngest stoker on this ship, but I'm far from being the densest.—Stoker Martin Murray.

★ ★ ★

STRANGE MEALS

Just as full of sea breeze is the letter of Jim Payne, steward on a destroyer out East, writing to his aunt, Mrs. Millie Payne, at 49, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol:

We tailed a bit of meat over the side and hooked a shark, which put up a devil of a fight before we could land it.

The middle steaks, fried, tasted just like hake.

At our last port of call we tried camel steak, which is hard and stringy. Give me shark's meat every time.

Oh, we had an Italian 'plane have a whack at us the other day. It dropped two bombs yards and yards astern of us, but it was a real try—a bit different from the hurried departure into the clouds of two Jerry machines that wouldn't even risk coming within reach of our guns.

Old Jumbo, my biggest pal, has just had a touch of clink. There was kit inspection, and he was short of a pair o' boots.

He borrowed two, and swore they were his own. But the silly fathead had borrowed two left ones, and he was sunk without a trace.—James Payne.

★ ★ ★

WE'VE GOT A NAVY

And here's another sailor-letter. We had begun to think that sailors were bad correspondents till this week's post arrived! Ken, son of Mrs. M. Bevin, of Patterdale Road, Erdington, Birmingham, and who serves on a battleship, writes home:

We believe we're on our way home, with a total bag (since we left) of four German destroyers and a number of powdered shore-batteries.

Our destroyer, too, has done good work, her complete war time record being three German destroyers and two U-boats.

The worst horror I'll have to tell you about when I arrive will be of one of our shells that missed a destroyer, glided off the surface of the water, and burst among a German land-party of twenty to thirty German sailors.

When the dust cleared there was one vast hole—and two sailors.—Ken.

★ ★ ★

HIS PRIVATE WAR

Far away from ocean waves, and bothered only by sand, Private W. T. Blower has been joining in a strange war-within-a-war. His letter to his mother at Low Hill Estate, Wolverhampton, says:

The desert here is infested with bands of robbers known as cleft mallahs, to whom the presence of an army provides an added chance of looting.

The other night we had an alarm to seize sticks, belts, and anything handy, as a whole gang of them were cutting down tents wholesale.

We went a mile before we came across them. They had been short-circuited by some of our fellows while trying to make a get-away. Already knives were flashing.

I made for an ass that was tied up near by, guessing that one of them would try to make his get-away on it. And I guessed right.

One big fellow suddenly made a rush for the ass—and me.

I stood up facing him, feeling some wild idea that probably the sight of my uniform would make him halt. But no—on he came.

I had picked up a cricket stump when we had the alarm. I swung it in a big circle and down, right on his cranium. He just went into the Land of Nod—and was still there when the native police arrived to take away the gang of seventeen, all captured.

They are in the local jail at this moment, and we are all feeling a spot better for a bit of excitement.—Tom.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I WORK in a huge ironworks that has no canteen, which means that men doing fire-watching after their ordinary job have to take *five* meals with them—dinner, tea, supper, breakfast, and dinner for next day.—M. M., Somewhere in Lancs.

* * *

That mother who, as described in JOHN BULL, gave her skin to save her soldier son was not the first woman patient in the great military hospital of Netley. I was operated on there in 1912, the operation being necessary to save my life, and the other hospital being full.—Mrs. A. B. Rogers, Station Road, Netley.

* * *

My husband has been a regular soldier in India for seven years, letters are heartbreakingly few, and I *do* think that, war or no war, there are willing men in the Army at home who would love to go out to give these men a share of home service.—Mrs. Dorothy R. Turner, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

* * *

War Savings Weeks are stunts. So are Tanks for Russia Weeks. And stunts won't enable us to win. We need continuous effort.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

* * *

Awaiting medical examination, my son paid a guinea to get a report on his eyes from a specialist—is now told that the report is useless, that he must see the Government specialist, although the Government specialist happens to be the man who took his guinea. —W. O., Erith, Kent.

* * *

Shamefaced and dismayed workers at a big munitions factory are made to run (unwillingly) for shelter at the sounding of an alert, knowing that their wives are walking the streets quite cheerfully and unafraid.—Albert Measor, Roker, Sunderland.

* * *

My pitman husband has just come home—one of 25 men sent away from the pit for the day for being 25 minutes late. And we are supposed to want coal.—Mrs. M. W., Porth, South Wales.

He joined the angling club, and, of course, he caught the biggest and the best fish that any man had ever caught. Or, if the fish were small, he caught the most. Biggest, best, most . . .

"John Bull's" Ten-Minute Story
By WILL SCOTT

BIGGEST, BEST, MOST . . .

WE used to call him Mr. Mighty, because . . .

Well, I'll tell you.

Long before the war he used to make us tired. So tired that we used to yawn listening to his bragging, and more than one of us on more than one occasion fell asleep.

Not that *that* stopped Mr. Mighty bragging. Nothing could.

It began years ago, about as soon as he set foot in the town He came down by road, and, of course, he came down in quicker time than anybody had ever done before.

Smith had done it in one hour, fifty-eight minutes.

Brown had done it in one hour, fifty-two minutes. But that was in the middle of the night, with nothing else on the road to get in the way.

Mr. Mighty, however, wiped every other record off the slate at one go.

"I came down," he said, "in exactly one hour and a half, and I reckon that will take some beating, if anybody ever *does* beat it."

Right at the beginning that was, almost before we knew him.

"That fellow," said Biggs afterwards, "is beginning to get on my nerves already. One of these days I'm going to black his eye for him, you see if I don't."

"Shouldn't do anything drastic, Biggs, old boy," we warned him. "It might lead to trouble."

But Biggs wouldn't be persuaded.

"If he's going to *keep on*," he said, "I shall black his eye for him one of these fine days."

MR. MIGHTY certainly kept on. He joined the Angling Club, and, of course, he caught the biggest and the best fish that any man had ever caught. Or, if the fish were small, he caught the most.

The biggest, the best, the most . . . Mr. Mighty used those three words until you'd have thought he'd have worn them out and they'd have dropped from the dictionary.

Biggest, best, most . . .

He took up gardening. And certainly he grew the biggest marrows, the best beans and the most tomatoes of any man in history. And it was no lie, either. The things were there for you to see. The gift of the gab was not the only gift that Mr. Mighty had been born with.

You had to sympathise with Biggs, who had never grown or caught the biggest, the best or the most of anything since the day he was born—and never would.

"He's so *right* and so *smug* about it. He simply makes me want to knock his block off."

Mr. Mighty tackled everything in turn. When he ran a Christmas party it was the biggest and the best Christmas party that had ever been seen in the town. That it *was*, did not, of course, make us love him the more.

When he got up a concert before the war (as he often did) it was the biggest and the best concert that anybody had ever seen. It was attended by the most people.

But (and this was a remarkable thing) when he got up a concert *after* war broke out, it was the biggest and the best concert that anybody had ever seen. Everybody else declared it was hopeless to think of running a concert in the black-out, but Mr Mighty went ahead.

And it was attended by more people than had ever attended a concert before. Everybody present hated Mr. Mighty. Everybody hoped the concert would be a failure, just because Mr. Mighty had organised it. But everybody went, and it wasn't a failure.

"Biggest, best, most. What did I tell you?" said Mr. Mighty.

And Biggs said, on the quiet: "I'd *love* to black his eye!"

If Mr. Mighty hadn't been such a bragger—and always disgustingly *right* into the bargain—he would have got on well with some of the chaps.

He and Biggs and a fellow named Cave had offices almost next to each other in St. Hilda's Row in the City. Little one-man businesses, and the same kind of business, too, so that they'd have had plenty to talk about on the long train journey to town each morning.

But Mr. Mighty was Mr. Mighty, and Biggs and Cave and the rest travelled in another carriage at the other end of the train.

It wasn't just concerts with Mr. Mighty after war broke out. It was the collections he organised for various war funds. It was the way he collected scrap It was the way he Dug for Victory It was even Mr. Mighty as an air raid warden. . . .

Yes, the time certainly seemed ripe for something.

IT was the fire *blitz* on London that brought things to a head.

Biggs had been worrying about his business in St. Hilda's Row ever since the mass raids of last autumn. So, for that matter, had Cave. But Cave was an older man and had long since taken out of his business more than he had ever put in. Indeed, but for the war he would have been retired at that time.

Biggs' case was up a different street. Most of the pennies he had were sunk in St. Hilda's Row and trouble up there meant Trouble with a capital T for Biggs.

On that grim Monday morning in the new year, then, it was a very grim Biggs who met Cave and the other chaps on the platform.

It was too early for official news, but the word had gone down the line. The City had had a real pasting: so much was known if there were no details.

"I hope everything's all right," Biggs sighed mournfully.

"Everything's all right here," answered Cave with a grin. "You didn't half cut him dead!"

BIGGS looked surprised.

"Who?" he said.

"Old Mighty."

"Cut him dead?"

"When he spoke to you along the platform just now. You cut him absolutely dead. And," Cave added with gusto, "serve him damn well right, too!"

"Why, I never even saw him," said Biggs. "I certainly didn't hear him. I didn't know he was there. I've other things to think about in times like this. What we're going to find when we get to town——"

"Well, wait till we get there and find it," said Cave. "Perhaps there'll be nothing to get excited about."

But there was. At least there wasn't much to see, but there was plenty to get excited about.

In Cave's case there were four walls and some holes where the windows had been. And a larger hole where the roof had been.

"Oh, well," said Cave; "that settles it. I now retire!"

In Biggs' case there was more to see, but that only made it worse. The windows were gone, water had leaked in, wreckage was everywhere.

The contents of files were strewn about. Biggs' chair was smashed and his desk was on end. His typewriter was upside down in a corner. Nothing, indeed, was where he had left it on the Friday night

Things, as he found out later, might have been worse. But they could not have *looked* much worse.

Biggs went pale and then he turned red.

"I'd like to smash Hitler's face in!" he said.

But when Cave spoke next he forgot all about Hitler, and, as it were, transferred his affections.

For what Cave said was:

"Here's old Mighty coming down the street."

Biggs went redder than ever.

"Oh!" he growled. "*Oh!!!* Well, let *him* start and there'll be trouble!"

He took a deep breath.

"Let him begin to tell me that all this is nothing! Let him begin to say that *his* place has stopped the biggest and the best bomb! Let him begin to brag that *he* has suffered the most damage Biggest, best and most! I'm in the mood for something like that this morning. I don't think! Let him start!"

And when Mr. Mighty saw Biggs standing in the ruins of his little business he started.

"My word, you've caught it!" he said. "Now, I've been lucky—although I'm not twenty yards up the street. The smallest and worst bomb of the lot seems to have picked on me. I should think I've suffered the least damage ——"

Biggs made a gurgling noise.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Mighty.

"*Smallest, worst, least?*"

It was the surprise, the shock of it, that cracked Biggs. *Smallest, worst least. . . .* The last thing he had been expecting.

He lost control of himself.

He blacked Mr. Mighty's eye.

THAT night, when Biggs went into his local at home, Mr. Mighty, at the bar, was removing a bandage from his damaged eye.

"That," said Mr. Mighty, "is the *biggest* and the *best* black eye—it is the *most*——"

Biggs went off like an explosion.

"You're incurable!" he bellowed.

"I beg your pardon!" said Mr. Mighty, turning.

But Biggs was beyond arguing.

He just stood there rocking, glaring at Mr. Mighty with all the venom a man could display at one time.

"Biggest, best, most!" he shouted. "Even over a black eye! Biggest, best, most! You make me sick!"

And he blacked Mr. Mighty's other eye and walked out of the local without another word

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER
This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Unreasonable Wives

HUMANIST this week deals with wives who seize on trivial incidents to pick a violent quarrel with their husbands. Such incidents, he says, are merely an excuse — the real reason lies much deeper.

MEN often tease their wives by quoting the well-known lines of Sir Walter Scott:

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

But they don't quote the real point of the passage, which runs:

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

A good wife is at her best when her husband is in the greatest need for consolation. She sometimes loves him most when he is overwhelmed with disaster.

But it does not always work out like that. I have been reading a letter from a young man who has been invalided out of the Army through ill-health.

When I returned home (*he writes*), my wife's attitude changed completely. There were frequent quarrels. She said she was ashamed of a husband who was physically unfit. She wanted a man she could feel proud of.

She envies the women who are married to he-men in khaki. She tells me I am "an unfit civvy slinking about."

I have tried to tell myself that the love of such a woman is not worth having.

But I still love her passionately. Her contempt is making me really ill. Before this happened she was always thoughtful and affectionate. Now I feel I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown through worrying about it.

If the man were physically fit and doing everything to dodge active service, one could understand his wife's feeling contemptuous. But the very opposite has happened. He needs help and comfort; not sneers and abuse.

Does not the wife realise this?

Of course she does. She must do. It is useless trying to argue against such unreasonableness.

The trouble goes deeper. In some way the man has disappointed her, and his rejection from the Army is merely an excuse.

ANOTHER letter about an unreasonable wife can be put alongside the first. It is too long to quote in full, but briefly the facts are as follows:

The writer's younger brother was reported missing after Dunkirk. Eight months later came news that he was a prisoner of war in Germany, with a request to let his girl know that he was still alive and well. The writer did not know that his brother had a girl, but a "pal" of the prisoner's would know all about her. He lived ten miles away.

The first Sunday I was free (*says the writer*), I told my wife I was going to see this friend. She told me that if I wanted to go chasing after a girl I could do so—it didn't matter to her.

The "pal," however, was not to be found. He had moved to another town, and I did not see him. But my wife went to her mother's and stayed away for four days.

A few days ago I received another message from my brother, giving the name and address of his girl. I sat down and wrote her a letter, and I gave it to my wife to read.

For a time she said nothing, but finally she went off the deep end. She accused me of all sorts of designs on the girl.

She got worse and worse. In the end I lost my self-control and struck her. She said that was all she had been waiting for, and that she now had me where she wanted me.

Off she went to her mother again, threatening to sue for a separation. But she has returned once more.

The wife's behaviour is so ridiculous that there must be something behind it. That volcanic outburst about such an innocent business was not so sudden as it looked

What I want to know is whether I am justified in writing to the girl after all that has happened.

There is not the faintest shadow of doubt about what I should do. I should write to the girl immediately and give her all the news about my brother.

The wife's behaviour is so ridiculous that she ought not to be considered. It is so ridiculous that there must be something behind it. That volcanic outburst about such an innocent business was not so sudden as it looked. There must have been a long smouldering resentment which was only waiting for an excuse—any excuse, however trivial—to erupt.

PERHAPS the next letter will make the point clearer. It comes from a woman reader, and is typical of many others.

I have a friend (*she says*) whose husband is with the Forces. Before the war she was a model wife and mother.

But since her husband joined up she has changed completely. She is out practically every night with soldiers from a neighbouring camp, visiting dance-halls, cinemas and public-houses.

The children are left in her mother's care while she goes out on the spree. She is making herself the talk of the place. I have warned her about it, but it is useless.

Her husband is coming home on leave shortly, and I am wondering whether I ought to drop him a hint about what has been happening in his absence.

I have already answered her particular question by post, but I mention this case for purposes of illustration. Let us suppose that the husband is invalided out of the Army, and that the wife can no longer carry on as she has been doing. What would happen next?

She would not accuse him of stopping her flirtations with soldiers from the camp. She would attack him for quite different reasons, and the man would be bewildered.

Whenever a first-class rumpus is created about an absurdly little trifle, there is always a genuine reason if only one can discover what it is.

The mountain is there—too big to be noticed—hence the unnecessary excitement about the harmless molehill.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

ONWARD

WE'RE all going on to the end, no matter how tragic the road, no matter the scale of our task; how enormous the weight of our load. We're all going on to the end, and if needs be the whole world will rock with the storm of our mighty resistance, but Right will Survive the Shock.

WE'RE all going on to the end, and that end will mean a Big Thing: that the world will be cleansed of those who Death and Disaster bring. And if needs be we'll build with our bodies a barrier to Heaven's Height, to stem this Evil Onrush and to end this Unparalleled Plight.

WE'RE all going on to the end, and we know what that end will mean—it will mean a Manifestation such as this earth has never seen. For beyond the long, still Fields of Death the Spoilers will be no more, and a Bright New Heaven and Earth will transform the Colossal Wastes of War.

FLYING HIGH—WITH YOUR FEET ON THE EARTH!

IT was a circular steel chamber lit by a single electric bulb. The heavy door closed softly behind me and I sat down at the table.

Sounds outside were reduced to a whisper.

There was a telephone at my elbow, a writing-pad and pencil. I picked up the pencil and suddenly had the feeling that someone was watching me.

I glanced behind me. Just dull, smooth, metal walls. No one there.

Then I saw it. A face pressed against the observation window let into the left-hand side of the metal wall.

The face made a prearranged signal and I picked up the telephone.

"Everything all right?" The voice clanged in the silence.

"Yes," I said, "everything all right."

A moment later a muffled pumping sound. They were beginning to draw the air from the pressure chamber.

For all the careful preparation I felt a little tense. In these circumstances I always think of the millionth-chance accident which could happen.

Steadily Climbing

I was now experiencing in this steel room the equivalent of the air pressure experienced by airmen at five thousand feet, and every minute I climbed a little higher. . . .

Seven thousand, eight thousand feet.

At nine thousand feet I began writing with the pencil. It seemed oddly heavy for a pencil. I doodled for a moment and then wrote some meaningless words.

I found it very hard to concentrate my attention on the pad now. I moved my arm to a more comfortable position. It, too, seemed unaccountably heavy.

Then I pulled myself up sharply.

A drowsiness, a laziness was overtaking me. My nerves had gone and I felt very much at ease. But I had been warned against this reaction. It was a quite false confidence.

Again that voice in the telephone. "All right?"

I said "Yes," but it hardly sounded like my voice.

I willed myself to try a prearranged test. What was seventeen divided by a half? The question seemed to ramble round my mind. I could not get it into sharp focus. Twice I came to grips with the business of division, then my attention wandered off again.

The lighting seemed quieter now. The steel walls less distinct. When I moved my arm it seemed to have lost part of its strength.

At this point the voice on the telephone said very firmly, "I think we'd better call it a day, don't you?"

I said, very mildly, "Oh, no, it's quite all right."

But the powers-that-be decided otherwise. My experience of the high flying test stopped there.

Stranger Reactions

Airmen undergoing this test climb to far more rarefied atmospheres and experience stranger reactions.

There is a marked tendency to air sickness.

Hands and feet go very cold.

The heart-beat increases considerably and fits of dizziness occur.

They wear oxygen masks in the chamber, and are taught to become oxygen-conscious.

At least once during training they are expected to let themselves become unconscious. By this means a temporary black-out in the air is robbed of its terrors.

At 36,000 feet the thermometer registers minus 56 degrees.

At this height some men feel as if they were cased in plaster-of-paris. Others get a queer exhilaration, a feeling of great power.

Teeth can be troublesome. Badly filled teeth ache.

Some men feel they want to shout and sing, though there is no one to hear them.

Most report a "don't-care" sense of freedom from all the petty strains and stresses of life.

Important Work

In the battle for air supremacy, high flying has become of paramount importance for every type of aircraft from fighter and bomber to the mighty flying fortresses.

Every week now members of the R.A.F. undergo high flying tests in the steel chamber. It is the best way to discover whether they are suited to high flying or not.

Medical officers watch their reactions through the observation window, and help them over personal idiosyncrasies.

It may make all the difference to the percentage of enemy 'planes shot down.

VINCENT BROME.

COLDS & 'FLU
quickly banished by
Cephos
Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 8d.

CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.
Made only by
The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd.
HACKNEY WICK - - - - LONDON, E.9.

Toast the SPITFIRE PILOT by all means

But toast sparingly, please, for Maldano cocktails are rare and precious today. If you are lucky enough to find a bottle—keep it for the special occasion!

Maldano
READY MIXED
cocktails

A dose of Benbow's Dog Mixture once or twice a week will keep your dog in A.1 'show ring' condition and make up for war-time food deficiencies by adding essential vitamins to his diet. Benbow's is the greatest of all tonics for dogs of all breeds, all ages. Used by leading kennels the world over for 106 years.

BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE
At Chemists and Corn Merchants.
Proprietors:—
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO., LTD., 26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

THE LAST LAUGH

J. R. (Brighton). — "Weather forecasting is forbidden in this country." Nevertheless, the experts are openly predicting heavy snow in Russia during the winter.

D. G. (Hawkhurst).—"So, in the end, I broke into a run." You wanted to steal the eggs?

G. B. (Kettering).—"Some London 'phone kiosks are surrounded with sandbags to protect them from blast." Explosions from the inside will be dealt with by the operator.

L. N. (Frinton).—"He pleaded not guilty to a charge of intoxication and explained that he could not walk straight because of a new pair of shoes." He contended that *they* were tight?

F. L. (Bridgnorth). — "Practically nobody gets rich quickly by betting on racehorses." Oh, we wouldn't say that. There are quite a lot of bookmakers.

D. K. (West Wickham).—"I didn't notice her face, but what she was carrying suddenly caught my eye." We know that sort of umbrella.

T. C. (Crewe).—"I confess I have fallen in love with my neighbour's wife. I am afraid to tell my wife as she is so very staid and wouldn't understand." See letter below.

Mrs. C. (Crewe).—"I am completely infatuated by the man next door. If my husband discovers my romance it will break his heart—he is so devoted to me." See letter below.

S. McD. (Aberdeen). — "After playing golf regularly for the past six years I have decided to give it up." So you have lost your ball at last.

F. N. (Chesterfield).—"I wouldn't go to Germany now for all the money in the world." Well, you wouldn't find it there if you did.

H. P. (Braintree).—"Where does one find the rosiest and choicest apples?" On the top of the pile on a hawker's barrow.

L. V. (Hitchin).—"I really believe my husband enjoys coming for a day's shopping with me." Then you would believe anything.

SARAH (Leominster). — "Many girls wouldn't be a man for anything." But they get as near to one as they can.

ACTOR (Streatham).—"After seeing me in one of my parts, a lady told me that I reminded her of one of the celebrated film stars." Donald Duck?

H. W. (Nuneaton).—"The doctor looked at me seriously and shook his head." Had you asked him to reduce his account?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What we want is a pincers movement. One blinkin' arm comin' down from Spitzbergen, t'other one comin' up from Dakar, so as to make Europe just a pocket of resistance, see?"
(No answer!)

CLERK (Trowbridge).—"My young lady told me she would like some pearls for her birthday present, but how can I afford to buy pearls on my salary?" Send her a dozen oysters and wish her luck.

S. W. (Uxbridge).—"Once at a circus I saw an elephant tie a knot in its trunk." A silly trick, because an elephant never forgets, anyhow.

E. G. (Guildford).—"What is the best method of immobilising my car?" Let your wife drive it.

T. A. (Ramsgate).—"Why not one wireless loudspeaker for a whole street?" Our neighbour thought of this long ago.

G. N. (Baldock).—"I am confronted by nothing but bills, bills, bills every day of my life." We used to keep a lot of ducks and geese, too.

S. L. (Yarmouth).—"After I had sung a couple of sentimental songs, what do you think the audience wanted?" Silence.

COMEDIAN (Wigan).—"To keep me merry and bright for my business, I always have a Turkish bath every week." If you're not funny, you're clean, at any rate.

A. T. (Gateshead).—"The first year of our marriage my wife always listened to me. The next year I had to listen to her." And after that we suppose the neighbours listened to both of you.

Side-Slips

EVENING NEWS:—"Soviet infantry FORGED a turbulent river."

DAILY TELEGRAPH: — "We at home must rise to similar heights of SELFISHNESS."

THE ROMFORD TIMES:—"A demonstration was given of how a stirrup-pump can be worked and SANDBAGS carried in the ordinary civilian respirator."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mrs. Hill, the widow of a soldier killed in the last war, now has only her old age pension, with a small supplement, on which to keep herself and an adopted child of eight years.

For fifty years she lived in Walworth, until her house was burned to the ground in an air raid.

This courageous woman does her best to keep cheerful in spite of so much adversity.

The family doctor speaks highly of her personal integrity.

Will you please send a donation to lighten the burden of one who meets her troubles so bravely?

Donations should be earmarked "Still Smiling," or for our General Fund, and posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,293
FIRST PRIZE £50.

R. J. Wood, 38, Cyprus Avenue, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.
Example: OH AND OH AND OH
Bullet: HE FLOODED—AWOH, APPLAUDED!

289: F. R. Hare, Hatherleigh, Ashover Road, Old Tupton, nr. Chesterfield.
Example: Sticking To Her Servants
Bullet: *She's No* "National Servant."

410: Mrs. E. E. Greenwood, 90, Wheats Avenue, Birmingham.
Example: Getting Careless
Bullet: Because Night's Silly, Silly.

45: Mrs. E. K. Williams, 23, Co-operative Street, Ton Pentre, S. Wales.
Hard To Understand—Russian Words. Not Deeds.

94: J. Walker, 5, East Parade, Lower Hopton, Mirfield, Yorks.
Themes Of War—"Branding" Hitler—"Blanketing" Churchill.

93: Gnr. R. H. Bruce, 1569262, R.A., c/o 119, Marlington Road, Hillingdon, Middx.
The RAF—"Stinging"—Meanwhile, Army "Biding."

83: N. J. Fishlock, 96, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
He's Only A Youngster, But—"Won Spurs," "Riding" Sky.

36a: A. J. Wass, 71, Roslyn Road, Adswood, Stockport.
Our Warden—Turns Out—Critics, Over!

36a: A. R. Tennant, 71, Caledon Roads, Nottingham
Darkness Fell And—Quisling Shivered, Passing Lamp-post!

32a: A. Richards, 122, Chatham Hill, Chatham.
Just A Little Peace—Garden Provides And Victory.

27a: F. Sharp, 79, Spring Bank, Grimsby.
Hard To Understand—Giles Recruited Fooling Potatoes.

26a: G. Sandford, 57, Ring Street, Crewe.
Dreadful Row—Only Dad Threading Needle!

A list of 3 Winners of 28s., 20 Winners of 8s. and 60 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES
WON IN X-WORD No. 245

WINNING WORDS:—1. Rabbi. 2. Bull. 3. Pawn. 4. Slum. 5. Shell. 6. Boat. 7. Gun. 8. Sap. 9. Chair. 10. Fender. 11. Lead. 12. Rose. 13. Shell. 14. Boot. £100 Cheque:—J. Gable, 24, Silver Lane, West Wickham, Kent: Miss V. Moore, 7, Rue Street, Boulevard, Hull.

Runners-up Awards valued £25 shared between 15 entrants.

XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW BOOK OPPORTUNITY!

THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR

AT LAST A REALLY SIMPLE BOOK OF HOME STUDY THAT EVERY ONE CAN UNDERSTAND

JUST THE BOOK FOR THE BLACKOUT

At last a book that makes learning easy and fascinating—A Complete Course in Six important subjects—SCIENCE, NATURE, ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY—and all in ONE VOLUME. IT'S JUST THE BOOK YOU WANT NOW TO TURN THE BLACKOUT EVENINGS INTO PROFIT! With this work you can start right from the beginning of each subject and progress by easy stages in the most fascinating and instructive courses of home study ever devised. You can never know how enthralling and entertaining education can be until you have seen this book.

This week "JOHN BULL," invites every reader to accept this wonderful book—"THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR."

The work contains over 500 PAGES, 140,000 WORDS AND 250 EXPLANATORY DRAWINGS. You would consider the book a bargain at half-a-guinea, or more, but because of its importance it is being made available at a remarkable low privilege price. You send no money now for this work but you must post the Order-Label below at once. Supplies are strictly limited and all applications will be dealt with in rotation.

Step-by-step exercises and self-testing questions and answers enable you to check your progress as you go.

Size 8¼" x 5½", bound in Blue Bookcloth with title embossed in gold.

All you send for this book after you receive your Invoice is 3/3d. plus 1/- which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc, making 4/3d. in all.

6 GREAT COURSES IN ONE BOOK!

SCIENCE The Wonders of the Earth and Its Construction—the Marvels and Mysteries of the Elements—the Great Power of Water—Vital Facts About Heat, Light, and Temperature—Sources of Power—Etc., etc.

NATURE How Life Began—How Plants and Animals Grow Up—The Vegetable Kingdom—The Animal Kingdom—How Plants Obtain Food—How to Know Plants—How Animals Live—Man Against Nature—Etc., etc.

ENGLISH How to Write and Speak Good English—Choosing the Right Word—Devices of the Skilful Writer—Grammar—Construction—How to Avoid Common Mistakes—Etc., etc.

ARITHMETIC Problems with Numbers and Figures—Subtraction and Division—Problems—Percentages and Profit—How to Work Out Discounts—Everyday Problems of Space and Time—Business and Banking Accounts—Geometrical Problems—Etc.

GEOGRAPHY How the World was Made—the Three Southern Continents and the Three Northern Continents—Russia, China, Japan, India, S.E. and S.W. Asia, Russia—Europe—the British Isles—Climates—World Races and Industries.

HISTORY Our Island Home—the Amazing Story of How We Lived in the Middle Ages—the Quest for Riches and Knowledge—the Great Revolution of Britain—the Race Quest—the People's Struggle—the Great War, 1914-18—Russia Comes to Power—September, 3rd, 1939—Etc., etc.

POST AT ONCE

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label below, affix penny stamp for Privilege Invoice and Printed Matter and post in unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "New Simplified Home Educator," Book Dept., J.V.1, Kings Langley, Herts. You will then be sent an Invoice which you return with your remittance and your book will be sent to you.

"THE NEW SIMPLIFIED HOME EDUCATOR."

A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Applies only in Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.V.1. 25/10/41

I KEEP FIT

and so can You!

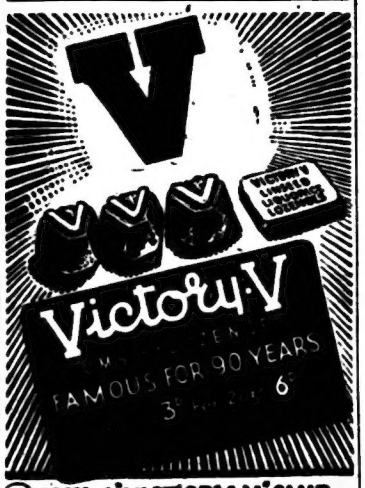
Beecham's Pills act gently and naturally on the system—they ensure a healthy, regular bowel action. They tone up the stomach, cleanse the liver, purify the blood. No matter whether you are of the active or sedentary type—you'll find in Beecham's Pills your golden rule of health. Get some to-day!

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills

Prices in Gt. Britain *(Including Purchase Tax)* 1/4 & 3/3 per box

Also obtainable in PENNYWORTHS



JOIN A VICTORY V CLUB

CHAPS, CRACKS CHILBLAINS BURNS

Now! An amazing healing tablet that heals cracked, chapped work-scarred hands overnight—one that takes the sting right out of burns, that stops at once the maddening irritation of chilblains. . . See you get a Snowfire Healing Tablet to-day—it acts like magic!

Snowfire Healing Tablet costs so little—does so much. Get yours today!

XMAS PUDDINGS FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!!

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

For result of Xword No. 248, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 249

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1	Politician should not be afraid of standing up to an awkward one — OB			
2	One may give warning of enemy's approach — S OUT			
3	Some fond, foolish parents expect their children always to stay this — NEA			
4	Stupid schoolboy is the likeliest to carry off this in sport — C P			
5	Strong ones enable birds to fly faster — WIN S			
6	Heavy type is sometimes best for — PO STER			
7	Give enemy a present and he'll probably want to — OS OP			
8	When men do this they make a selection — GA BLE			
9	If shelter is deep enough nobody will do this even when heavy bomb drops — E AR			
10	It's not too difficult for one to bring house down — MI E			
11	If jug ceases to please 'to your hand you' possibly may look for this — C USE			
12	Good one will often give equally good results even just after changing hands — CO			
13	Genuine friend might not mind standing this for pal in serious trouble — AIL			
14	It's too much to expect chauffeur not to be always sweet-tempered — LO ER			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 3.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the conditions that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

WIN Bullets CASH and MERRY XMAS!

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,293 appears on page 14

WHY BRITAIN'S GREAT WORLD OF TO-MORROW
TO SMASH THE NAZIS
STIRRING UP TROUBLE
WHAT WAR MEANS
SHOCK FOR THE OFFICIAL
TO KEEP GOING
MOTHER NATURE
WALTZING MATILDA
SHE AND HER MOTHER
DEFEAT
ON THE RIGHT ROAD

WORTH TRYING
JUST AS WELL
NOW THEY'VE A BABY
LAUGHTER
NOW AND THEN
ALL TALK
WITH A SHRIEK
SHOWS HE'S A SHARK

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MAN BEHIND THE.....
HEARD IN THE.....
FIGHTING THE.....
WHAT FRITZ.....
IN SONNY'S.....
DEVOTED TO.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Finis paper entry equally eligible. I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,297 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 3

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,297 or Xword No. 249, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

MEN OF COOL COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

There's need to be cool when "Duty" follows daily duty — with briefer moments 'at ease'. Men fill the breaks with a mellow pipe of Bondman — and satisfaction's complete. Fill up with Bondman — light up and you'll agree it's *cool*.

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND - - 1/5½ per oz.

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

I was encouraged to try PHOSFERINE

—and amazed at quick results.

"Phosferine was recommended to my wife during a nervous breakdown after the birth of our first child. I noted the improvement in her general health and I was encouraged to try Phosferine myself. I gratefully acknowledge the change in the health of us both. We have recommended Phosferine to many friends and all are amazed at the quick results obtained from its use." G.E.

Why not give Phosferine a trial? Your chemist stocks it.

PHOSFERINE

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/4, 3/3, & 5/4

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-.

You men who are fit and under 33 — your place in this war is at the side of the gallant R.A.F. flying men who are teaching the Hun what air war means. Now is the time to come forward and put your name down for flying duties at the Combined Recruiting Centre! Age limits — 31 for Pilots, 33 for Observers (40 for Observers with special qualifications). *Reserved men can be released for flying duties.*

fly with the RAF

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. *Please send me latest leaflet, giving details of Flying Service in the R.A.F.*

AGE.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS

J.B./25/10

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 Including Tax
Prices U.K. only

The last brushful is as effective as the first

WAR TIME PACKS

The containers in which you obtain your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from time to time, but the high quality of the Dentifrice is maintained.

S. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, W.1. GD.2207

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S

CONDITION POWDERS

keep dogs fit

"Walters' Palm" Toffee

RATIONED

In QUANTITY... but not QUALITY

DELIGHTS · STRENGTHENS · SUSTAINS

Splendid Corrective!

Our less-varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 8½d., 1/8. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

Laxative

L403

Whiskers heavily censored

by the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

7½d. 1/3 1/10½d. *Including Tax.*

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free all over the world 13s. 9d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.L. 199 ★ 199